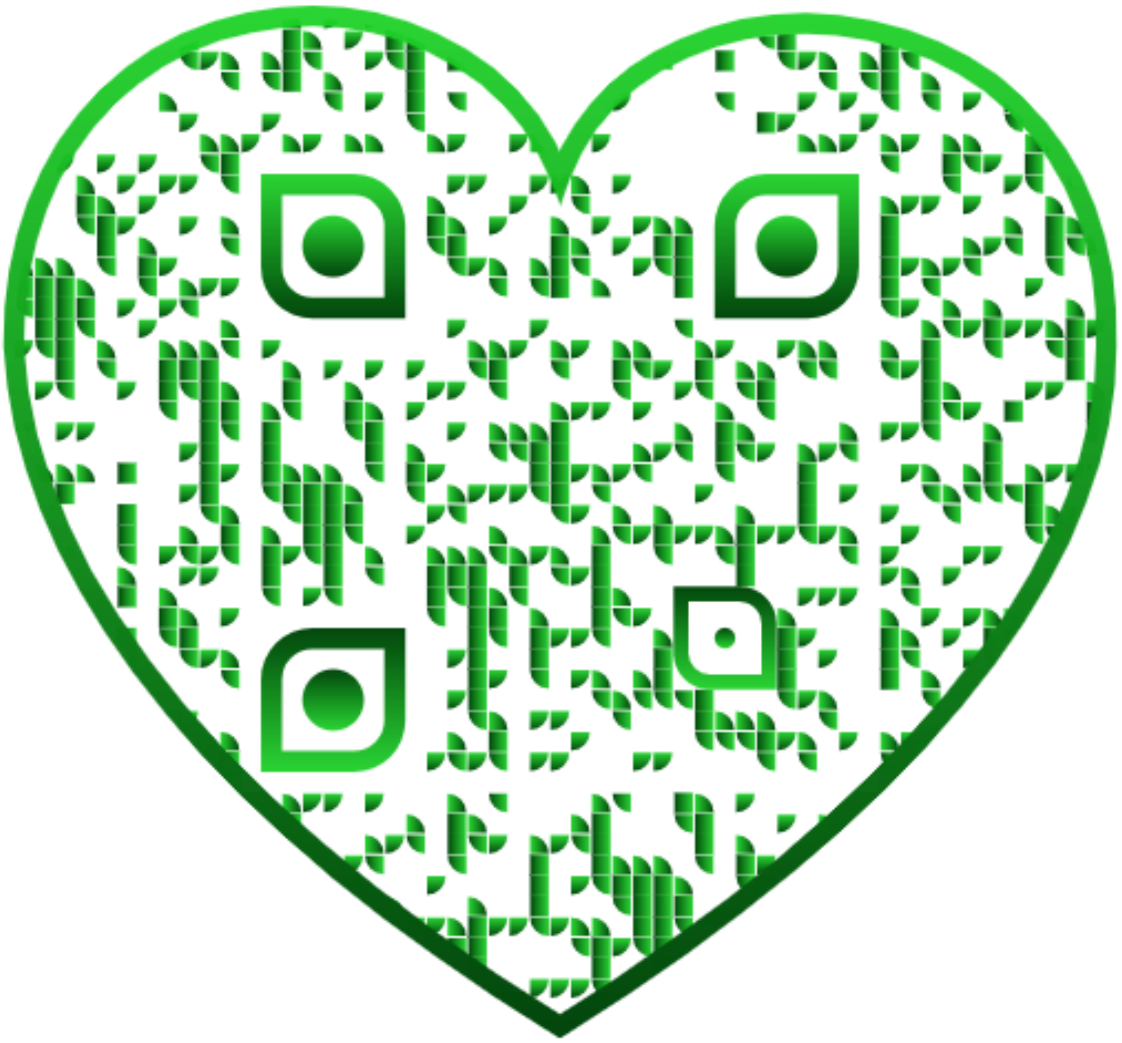
No 138 January 22 – February 4 90p/DM 5.50

KERRANG!

THE FOAM GAME
Bubble Trouble with Marillion

MGM
Tesla
Slayer
Victory
Stan Bush
Babysitters
Queensrÿche
Celtic Frost

FISH of MARILLION: pic Ray Palmer



HOT NEWZ

DUBROW BOWS OUT

■ IT SEEMS as though a split has (or will be) taking place between vocalist **Kevin DuBrow** (pictured right) and the other members of **Quiet Riot**. As yet, there has been no *official* comment on this situation from the QR camp, but it is known that lawyers have now been called onto the scene in an effort to resolve the matter as swiftly, fairly and amicably as possible.

The situation should be fully sorted out in three to four weeks, but what is certain is that the Los Angeles outfit *will* continue as a band, with **Frankie Banali** (drums), **Carlos Cavaso** (guitar) and **Chuck Wright** (bass) currently rehearsing and writing fresh material.

Says manager **Warren Entner**: "Everyone is feeling very positive at the moment, we want to clear up a lot of the troubles that have beset Quiet Riot in the past; we want to do away with the limitations . . ."

But what of Mr DuBrow, a man who has absolutely nothing to do with the first part of the QR name? I guess he'll simply keep his trap tightly shut and never again shed a harsh word on other bands/musicians . . . and, of course, *wigs* might one day fly!

DANTE BONUTTO

■ **OZZY OSBOURNE** will be issuing a double live album through Epic on March 2. As yet untitled, this record is expected to feature material recorded with the late **Randy Rhoads** on lead guitar. Further details will follow in the next issue.

■ **MSG** WILL begin work shortly on their first album for EMI with producer **Andy Johns.** As yet, no further information is available, although it is thought that the LP will be recorded in Europe.

■ **ANTHRAX** WILL be releasing a new 12" three-track single through Island on February 16. Produced by **Eddie Kramer**, the A-side features **'I Am The Law'**, with **'Bud E. Luv Bomb (Satan's Lounge Band)'** and **'I'm The Man'** on the flip.

■ **THE RODS** have just released a new album titled **'Heavier Than Thou'** on the Zebra label. The band's line-up now features **David 'Rock' Feinstein** (lead guitar), **Carl Canedy** (drums – he produced this LP), **Craig Gruber** (bass – previously with **Gary Moore/Elf/Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow**, he replaces **Gary Bordonaro**) and Dutchman **Shmoulik Avigal** (lead vocals – ex-**Picture/Horizon**).

■ **VANILLA FUDGE,** regarded as one of *the* seminal Metal bands to emerge from America during the mid-Sixties, have temporarily reformed for a two-month US tour. Original members **Carmine Appice** (drums/vocals), **Tim Bogert** (bass/vocals) and **Mark Stein** (keyboards/lead vocals) have just begun a tour that will last until March 20, taking in venues across the country with a capacity of 2-3,000. The band's live set will include many of their acknowledged classics plus a selection from 1985's reformation LP **'Mystery'**, released by Atco Records.

Support acts on this tour are two more Stateside veterans from the Sixties, namely **War** and **Rare Earth**.

This Vanilla Fudge regrouping is, however, no more than a time filler and isn't seen by any of the participants as a long-term proposition. Indeed, Appice is already working hard with his regular band **King Kobra** on material for their third LP. To date, no recording schedule has been worked out for this opus, but it is known that **Kiss** bassist/vocalist **Gene Simmons** is the likely choice as producer.

■ **RIOT** HAVE finalised their new line-up. This features original member **Mark Reale** (guitar), **Tony Moore** (lead vocals), **Mark Edwards** (drums – formerly with **Steeler**) and **Don Van Stavern** (bass – previously with Texan band **Slayer**).

The quartet are currently working on a new album with Reale co-producing alongside **Steve Loeb** and **Rod Hui** at Green Street Studios in New York. As yet, no label deal has been signed by the group.

MACE IN YOUR FACE

■ *WASHINGTON QUARTET **Mace** (above) will be issuing their second album, **'The Evil In Good'**, through Black Dragon Records at the end of January. Produced by **Stacy Christianson** at SCM Studios, it deals among other subjects with religious fanaticism and features the following tracks:*

*Side One: **'Gutripper'**, **'Intent To Kill'**, **'The Evil In Good'**, **'Daddy's Girl'** and **'War'**.*

*Side Two: **'Thinning the Herd'**, **'Choose Your God'**, **'When The Screaming Stops'**, **'Poison Gases'** and **'Blonde Obsession'**.*

*Mace have just replaced drummer **Shane White** (who was fired 'due to rampant alcoholism that led to a series of violent conflicts in the band') with New Yorker **Dave Koppler**. He joins **Vern White** (bass), **Kirk Verhey** (lead vocals) and **Dave Hillis** (guitar).*

SPEED QUEENS

■ *PICTURED ABOVE is the new line-up of all-girl band **Thrashqueen**: (from left) **Princess Die** (lead vocalist), **Vikki Stone** (lead guitar), **JK Johnson** (drums) and **Nikki Santos** (bass).*

*The New Hampshire quartet are presently working on material for their second album, **'The Queen Is Dead – God Save The Queen'**, due to be released on the DAM/Lanslyde Records label in the US imminently.*

RUSH STUDIO INVASION

■ ***RUSH*** *(PICTURED above from left:* ***Alex Lifeson****,* ***Neil Peart*** *and* ***Geddy Lee****) have just begun work on their latest studio album (their first since '****Power Windows****', released in 1985) at The Manor in Oxfordshire with producer* ***Peter Collins****. As yet untitled, this LP is likely to be issued by Vertigo Records later this year.*

The band's schedule is expected to involve recording work in London, Montserrat and Toronto before the tapes are mixed in Paris.

In the meantime, the Canadian trio are once again being linked with the ***Castle Donington*** *festival. Over the past few years, Rush have been perennial early favourites to headline the event, something that in previous years has never materialised. However, reports suggest that this time around there is a very strong possibility that negotiations will prove more fruitful.*

And whilst we're on the Donington trail, the latest name to be thrown into the ring is that of ***Alice Cooper****. Stay tuned for more news as it's received.*

■ NEW JERSEY band **Snatch** have signed a recording contract with Warner Brothers.

■ CLAY RECORDS re-issue **'The Unexpected Guest'** album from **Demon** on January 30. Originally put out through Carrere Records in June 1982, this second LP from the Stoke band has been re-cut to improve the sound quality.

At present, Demon are working on their sixth album which is due for release through Clay during the Spring.

■ **JAGGED EDGE** have parted company with drummer **Gary Murrell** due to 'musical differences'. As yet, no replacement has been found. However, the London band have just recorded a new demo tape at John Henry's Studio in London with **Neil Murray** acting as producer.

■ FURTHER TO our story in Mayhem last issue, the case against **Ozzy Osbourne** arising from the suicide of 19-year-old **John McCollum** has once more been thrown out of court in Los Angeles. Dismissing the case, the judge stated that: "The whole thing reads like the plot for a cheap horror movie."

■ NORTH-EASTERN band **Tysondog** have split up due to various internal problems. Lead guitarist **Kevin Wynn** is currently recording demos in Manchester with **Tyger Tyger**. In the meantime, lead vocalist **'Clutch' Carruthers** is giving up any involvement in the music business. As yet, though, no information is available on future plans for the remaining members of the group.

■ DUE TO 'severe financial difficulties', **Alice's Restaurant**, the London-based all rock radio station, has been forced to cease broadcasting. However, there is a possibility that DJs **Colin Noble** and **Steve Price** will be joining forces with former AR jocks **Paul Chamberlain** and **Bear** on a new Metal station set to transmit as from March/April.

In the meantime, Noble and Price have now purchased the Alice's Roadshow and will continue this service at various venues. Anyone wishing to contact them about this facility should write to: **AR Roadshows, 267 Stamford Rd., Dagenham, Essex RM9 4EH.** Price and Noble are also attempting to set up their own record label and this can also be contacted at the above address.

■ **TARGA** HAVE recruited a second guitarist, namely **Alan Crow.** The band are currently working on new material and intend to record a six-track demo in early February.

'MOTH MEN

■ *PICTURED ABOVE are the 'portly' trio who have founded new band* ***Mammoth****. They are (from left):* ***Nicky Moore*** *(lead vocals – previously with* ***Samson****),* ***John McCoy*** *(bass – ex-****Gillan****) and* ***Kenny Cox*** *(lead guitar – formerly with* ***More****).*

Each member of this act weighs in at a rather enormous 20 stone-plus and they're busily looking for a suitably gross drummer to 'fit' into their ranks. Interested and bulky parties should contact ***Phil*** *immediately on:* ***01 571 4591****. And don't worry if you tip the scales at less than 20 stone, because according to McCoy: "We will accept anyone of 18 stone if he is a top-class drummer."*

*In the meantime, the band have recorded a three-track demo tape featuring '****All The Days Of My Life****', '****Fat Man****' and '****Dressed To Kill****', the style of which suggests that 1986 might hold 'big things' for Mammoth.*

In the meantime, Targa are putting together dates for a tour during February/March and any promotors/venues interested in booking them should call **Neil** on: **0483 34161.**

■ GUITARIST/KEYBOARDS player **Sean Cooper** has left **Tokyo Blade** due to 'financial and professional differences'. He is presently writing songs with **Dealer** member **Ashley Limer** and hopes to announce plans for a new band imminently.

■ **MARINO & THE AFTER-FOREVER BAND** are presently seeking a keyboards player and a rhythm guitarist. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Scorpio Records, 12 Aberford Walk, North Humberside HU9 5EN.**

■ SAN FRANCISCO band the **Ruffians** have signed a European deal with SPV Records.

■ WASHINGTON BAND **Mannekin** are presently working on their debut album with producer **Ashley Howe** at Master Rock Studios in London.

■ NORTH CAROLINA band **Cerebus** will now issue their debut album, **'Too Late To Pray'**, through the US Metal Records label in Europe within the next few weeks and *not* Earthshaker Records as previously announced. The same label will also be releasing the **'No Turning Back'** album from **Jack Starr's Burning Starr** in the near future. For review of the latter see issue 126.

■ **DARK HEART,** from County Durham, currently have an EP titled **'Straight From The Heart'** available by mail order at a price of £1.50 (incl. p&p). This can be obtained by sending cheques/POs to: **Bill Mitchell, 65 Bluebell Close, Newton Aycliffe, County Durham DL5 7LW.**

MORE MAYHEM OVER PAGE

QUEENSRŸCHE: NEW ORDERS

Will QUEENSRŸCHE pull through to become one of the most crucial Heavy Metal bands of the Eighties?

■ *YOU HAVE to go back a long way to find a band as wilfully determined as* ***Queensrÿche*** *. . . and here I'm thinking in terms of* ***Led Zeppelin*** *and* ***Deep Purple****. No-one, it seems, outside of a hardcore handful is fully prepared to give their ambitions a fair hearing – let alone an objective judgement – with regular trashings being administered by some critics, while others get away with a quite staggering display of inane ramblings . . . like me, for instance, though I claim vindication on the basis of being utterly mad!*

So what do we find? Well, after one year and a dedicated recording schedule came the release of the ***'Rage For Order'*** *album. Less obviously commercial but displaying a quantum jump in the standard of songwriting and arranging so that the melodies were now immersed in torrential sheets of powerchords, the record was the first full realisation of Queensrÿche's rhythmic and (subdued) melodic potential. With* ***Neil Kernon*** *handling production credits, it also featured a greater range of instrumentation, achieving a density not previously realised.*

Thus, the stylishly chaotic 'Rage For Order' showed fast musical progress but, in general terms, slow sales . . . a problem the band will seriously have to ponder when deciding on material for their next LP. Clearly, the consummate effectiveness brought about by this hard-line Queensrÿche style has not been matched in terms of image or mass acceptance. The band's recent shows in support of ***Bon Jovi*** *at the Hammersmith Odeon (aided by keyboard man* ***Randy Grant*** *from Seattle) underlined the irony of their present position . . . some feverish fans had obviously travelled many miles to catch sight of them whilst the majority of the audience remained unmoved by their faultlessly constructed Metal, packed with the excitement that only comes from taking* big *risks.*

"We made a decision about the time of 'Rage For Order' not to bow to commerciality," insists lead vocalist ***Geoff Tate****. "We want to extend our music to its full capabilities. We were given the moral support of our record company (EMI America) and in specific terms I think we realised all the possibilities to be had."*

GEOFF TATE: "We want to extend our music to its full capabilities"

Tate is one of those rare individuals who inadvertently leads by example, an instinctive frontman who inspires greatness simply because he sings the songs as he *sees them and not as others might like to see them; a man whose sole mission seems to be to make music that matters without making a big deal about it.*

In a way, Queensrÿche aren't out to slay anybody, just to show what can be done. They're probably the first band in years who don't use their guitars like water pistols – more like sledgehammers! ***Michael Wilton*** *and* ***Chris DeGarmo*** *employ their instruments like outstretched flame-throwers wrapped around a balsa wood bonfire. But despite their ambitions, as important as they are, something will certainly have to change . . . or* will it?

"Obviously, we'd have liked 'Rage For Order' to do better, but it didn't get a lot of radio support. However, it has already outsold our first album and that's given us the confidence boost we were looking for."

Whether Queensrÿche intend to pursue the intensity of 'Rage . . .' is a moot point, although Kernon, already engaged in preliminary discussions with the band, assures me that yes, the next album will be more of the same. And if Kernon gets his wicked way, he'll be pushing them to the very edge of what technology can achieve. There's no time schedule to speak of as yet so far as recording goes, though some of the songs have *already been written, but Spring of '87 would seem a likely starting point, after Kernon has completed work twiddling knobs for* ***Dokken****'s new LP.*

Regrettably, however, there has been one major shake-up of late, something that may or may not affect Queensrÿche's surging Metal chaos. The original management team of ***Kim*** *and* ***Diana Harris*** *from Seattle, who won them worldwide critical acclaim and a deal with EMI, have now been let go, a decision brought about by a whole string of events . . .*

"Recently, our system hasn't been working as efficiently as it ought to have been," says Chris over lunch at the Marble Arch Holiday Inn. "Really, Kim and Diana's capability to handle our expansion wasn't up to our satisfaction and, well, we had to let go at some point. It seemed the best thing we could do."

Presently, the boys are handling their business affairs personally, although they will shortly be placing this arduous task in somebody else's hands – just as soon as the right person comes along. They're checking out several management situations at the moment and an announcement on this front is expected shortly.

Having recently cancelled a handful of headline shows in Europe (the UK Burton-On-Trent gig included) for reasons of economy (Tate: "It would have cost an arm and a leg"!), sticking to playing a full European tour in support of Bon Jovi, the band have now returned to the US where they will undertake selected gigs (they toured last year with ***AC/DC*** *and* ***Ozzy Osbourne****) before heading back to their home town of Seattle. Latest word is that they might set out on a series of US dates supporting* ***Ratt****, another few steps down a path that should lead them to the sort of success their talent certainly deserves. Ultimately, Queensrÿche I'm sure will pull through to become one of the most crucial Heavy Metal bands of the Eighties.*

DEREK OLIVER

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

■ **MAGNUM** TAKE take to the UK road during March to play the following dates: Sheffield City Hall March 2, Manchester Apollo 3, Hanley Victoria Halls 4, Nottingham Royal Court Theatre 5, Bradford St. George's Hall 6, Glasgow Barrowlands 7, Edinburgh Playhouse 8, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall 9, Birmingham Odeon 10, Bristol Colston Hall 11, Oxford Apollo 12, Hammersmith Odeon 13.

Following these shows the band will be heading into Europe, playing gigs in Holland, France, Belgium, West Germany, Denmark, Switzerland and Austria before embarking on their first US tour in nearly five years during April/May.

The band will be issuing a new single, as yet not chosen but to be taken from the **'Vigilante'** LP, through Polydor on February 20. And they'll also be appearing on 'The Tube' on February 27.

■ YORKSHIRE TRIO **Smokin' Roadie,** who have spent much of the past year touring in the US, have just recorded their debut album with producer **Martin Smith.** The full track listing for this as-yet untitled LP is:

Side One: **'Overnight Stay', 'All In A Dream', 'Born Into Rock And Roll', 'So What'** and **'Remember'.**

Side Two: **'Cheating', 'Tempest', 'Mamma's Calling', 'Dream On', 'Hellfire'** and **'O'Shyte'.**

The group, whose line-up is **Rue Phillips** (lead guitar/vocals)/**Steve Bell** (drums)/**Lee Faulkner** (bass), are presently seeking a record deal for release of this opus.

■ TENACITY RECORDS have just re-issued **'We'll Rock The World'/ 'Standing On The Outside'**, the debut single from Sheffield group **Panza Division,** who have since metamorphosed into **The Lonely Hearts.** This record is available at a price of £1.05 (incl. p&p) from: **107 Summer St., Netherthorpe, Sheffield S3 7NS.**

MORE MAYHEM PAGE 6

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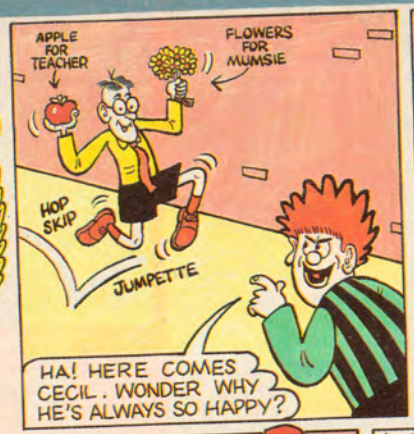
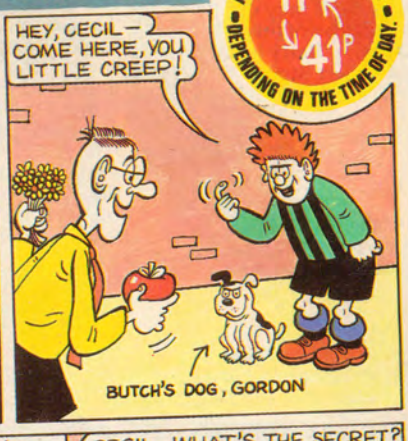
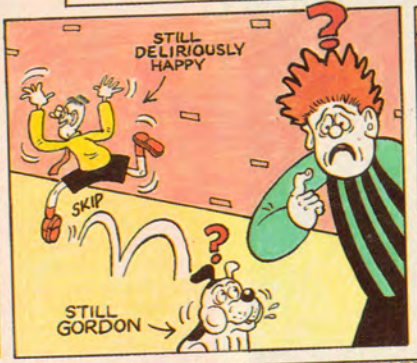






FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES RING, RING, RING...

0055-0055

TALKABOUT is available in most areas and coming to more SOON! Ⓣ

FROM PAGE 4

■ **'BARRY ISLAND ROCK'**, a 28-minute video tape produced by young unemployed people in the South Glamorgan town of Barry, will be premiered on January 27 at Sam's Night Club in Cardiff at 8pm.

This short documentary intercuts live footage of four local bands (**The Missing, More Than Passion, The Kick Inside** and **No-One**) with interviews and offstage scenes. The project emerged from the music workshop at the now-defunct **Vale Activity Centre,** until recently Barry's sole daytime facility specifically for young, unemployed persons.

In addition, from February several venues in the Cardiff area will have copies available on their premises for viewing. These will include Sam's, The Panorama, Trash Clothes, Cha-Cha's Café, The Incredible Edible Food Company and The Mars Bar. And anyone who feels they can help in the distribution of this video should contact: **'Barry Island Rock', 18 Herbert Street, Blaengarw, Mid-Glamorgan, CF32 8AF.** Tel: **0656 871984.** Further details on the tape can also be obtained from the above address/phone number.

■ LIVERPOOL BAND **Zen Machine** have replaced bassist **Keith Mulholland** with **Brian Cody.**

■ **KK** and **Vivian Foxx,** founder-members of US band **Killerfoxx,** were recently killed in a car accident. As a means of raising a donation for the Foxx family, DAM/Lanslyde Records are presently selling copies of the band's sole album, **'All You Can Eat'**, at a cost of five dollars, including p&p. All proceeds will be given to the family and orders (*only* acceptable in US currency) should be sent to: **DAM/Lanslyde Records, PO Box 3346, Manchester, New Hampshire 03105, USA.**

Still on the subject of American road accidents, bassist **Jim Schulman** of New Jersey band **Hades** was recently injured in a car crash. Fortunately this wasn't serious.

■ BIRMINGHAM/BLACK COUNTRY act **After Eden** are presently seeking management representation. Interested parties should phone: **0922 643697.**

■ LONDON BAND **Elixir** are presently working on new material with producer **Roland Harris** at Nova Studios in London. The songs involved are titled **'Louise'** and **'Legion Of The Eagle'.** As yet, though, it's not known when or in what form these tracks will be released.

In the meantime, Elixir have two cuts, **'Pandora's Box'** and **'The Son Of Odin'**, included on a forthcoming video compilation titled **'The Power Cuts'**, put together by Twelve Bar Video Productions. Both numbers were recorded at the Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall last year. And the band have added a show at Bournemouth 141 Club on February 14 to their tour itinerary.

MORE MAYHEM PAGE 8

GIRLSCHOOL

BACK ON TOUR IN JANUARY '87

14	WALTHAMSTOW	Royal Standard	23	ABERYSTWYTH	University
15	COVENTRY	Warwick University	24	BANGOR	University
16	BIRMINGHAM	Polytechnic	26	HUDDERSFIELD	Polytechnic
17	COLCHESTER	The Works	27	LEEDS	Polytechnic
18	FOLKESTONE	Leas Cliff Pavillion	28	TELFORD	Barons Club
20	POOLE	Mr. C's.	29	NEWCASTLE	University
21	SOUTHAMPTON	University	30	NOTTINGHAM	Trent Polytechnic
22	PORTSMOUTH	Polytechnic	31	HAMMERSMITH	The Clarendon

The Album - 'Nightmare at Maples Cross'

GWLP 2 GWTC 2

GWR RECORDS

SHY STAY SHARP

The new, improved SHY (pictured above) aim to make 1987 a year to remember

■ TIME'S UP! Uhh no . . . not closing time, I mean time for an update on Birmingham busybodies, **Shy**. Despite the lack of *Kerrang!* koverage in recent months, you'll be pleased as punch to know that this nimble fivesome (still the same line-up), purveyors of sharp, punchy melodic rock, have for the last two months been diligently recording a new album (at Sound Push Studios in Holland) under the auspicious production guidance of **Neil Kernon**. British-born Kernon, you may recall, has been responsible for Metal classics by a variety of rockers including **Spys, Michael Bolton, Aviator, Dokken** and, most recently, **Queensrÿche**'s critically acclaimed technical mega-opus **'Rage For Order'** . . . and according to those in the know, his work with Shy is nothing less than astonishing!

Mixing (also by Kernon) has been undertaken at London's Red Bus Studios, just off Maida Vale, and it was here that yours truly copped an ear to just five finished cuts (excluding that mucho touted **Cliff Richard** toon . . . the bastards won't even give me a clue which one they've actually covered. **'Summer Holiday'**? Nah, methinks its probably **'Carrie'**, although the rest of the *Kerrang!* gang reckon it'll be **'Devil Woman'**).

First impressions suggest that the new album will be a turning point for Shy, if not at home then certainly in America. As for the songs, well, there's **'Emergency'**, a fast 'n' furious belter written by king of melody Michael Bolton (and originally intended for **Tina Turner**); **'Can't Fight The Night'**, a cheerful toe-tapper; **'Under Fire'**, perhaps the heaviest thing the band have *ever* penned (featuring a guitar duel with a rogue computer game!); **'Break Down The Walls'**, co-written by **Donald Dokken** except that most of his input bar the opening few guitar chords has been binned (can't say I blame them either, having heard the original! Expect this track to be released as a single towards the end of February); and finally a ranking ballad called **'Just Love Me'**, a song that is destined for the upper reaches of the American singles chart . . . if **Europe** can do it, then surely Shy can too!

Overall, the sound is much healthier, maturer and livelier than on their disappointing **'Brave The Storm'** LP, released 18 months or so ago . . . not only that, but they're looking a lot better than ever before, overcoming an image problem that has plagued them for some considerable time.

The album is untitled as yet – they're open to suggestions apparently – but will definitely be released in April of 87, promoted by a major UK trek. And with the band now nestling 'neath the guiding wing of former **UFO** associate **Neil Levine** it should be well worth keeping an eye on this space.

DEREK OLIVER

PS: Congratulations to bassist **Roy Stephen Davis,** the lad having recently tied the knot with longstanding girlfriend **Jackie.** Hip, Hip . . .!

DON'T INJECT AIDS

Imagine somebody who knows a bit about drugs. Somebody who's smoked, swallowed and snorted most things.

But so far, they've never used a needle. If they do, though, the first needle they use will probably be somebody else's.

At that moment, they'll be in serious danger of catching AIDS. Because sharing a needle or equipment with someone who carries the AIDS virus is the easiest way to get infected.

Now does this somebody sound a little like you? If it does, don't inject. And never share.

For more information and advice, please phone 01-981 7140 or 0345 581858. (If dialling from outside London, use the 0345 number and you will be charged at local rates.)

D O N'T A I D A I D S

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY

THE BIG FREEZE

FM: committing themselves to an all-out attack on home territory

■ **BON JOVI, Europe . . . FM**? It's a nice thought, isn't it? Actually, with the combined thrust of Portrait Records, heavy radio exposure and a nationwide tour of university sports halls (including a prestigious headliner at London's Astoria Theatre on February 13) FM's delayed entry into the national charts and obligatory 'Top Of The Pops' appearance may not be such a pie-in-the-sky idea as some would have us believe. With your purchasing power providing a healthy kick-start, they could wind up as one of the few 'Melodic Metal' bands deemed acceptable by the great record-buying public.

'Frozen Heart' is their latest single (re-released; the original version came out some 18 months ago!) and is without doubt the ideal vehicle to crack open a few more ears. An ace song that commences with surprisingly solid, subtle drumming from **Pete Jupp**, giving way to a catchy synthesiser riff from the bizarre **Didge Digital** and clean cut guitar strokes from **Chris Overland**; bro' **Steve**'s impassioned vocals and **Merv Goldsworthy**'s pomping bass top off the mixture to glorious effect . . . and what a hook!

"We all agree that 'Frozen Heart' is our best chance of getting a hit single," reckons a smiling Chris Overland (the blond one). "It got lost the first time we put it out, but this time we've shot a new video, re-mixed it and re-edited the introduction, so for most people it'll be the first time FM has invaded their privacy!"

The current single has excited radio DJs (not forgetting all-rounder **Jonathan King**) and it appears that Radio One has actually added FM to their playlist, a minor victory in itself.

A double pack, 'Frozen Heart' will feature a bonus disc containing live versions of two cover songs which up until recently were included in the FM set: **Robert Palmer**'s **'Addicted To Love'** and **Rod Stewart**'s **'Hot Legs'**. Why?

"Because we've now dropped them from the set, that's why," explains Steve. "It's a kind of tribute, I suppose; they were good fun to play and the kids loved 'em but we've got new songs to play now and, well, they've gotta go . . ."

And you'll get a chance to hear one, possibly two of these new songs on the band's tour; listen out for **'Some Like It Dangerous'** and **'Let Love Be The Leader'**, numbers that should wrestle their fervent fan following to the floor . . . How do I know? Because I've heard them! Maturer and (especially) more sophisticated – stuff that should appeal to all types and tastes.

And what about America, the obvious market for FM's brand of melody encrusted mayhem? Well, so far so good; the album was released there in July '86 although they haven't played live to back it up as yet (the ill-fated **ELP** tour was offered but they declined for reasons that are all too obvious). They've only been over on a promotional visit doing interviews and generally getting their faces known to the good people at Portrait Records.

Right now, though, and very sensibly too, they reckon it's the UK that holds the key to any future American success and they're committing themselves to an all-out attack on home territory . . . not to mention a brief visit to Europe immediately after the British dates.

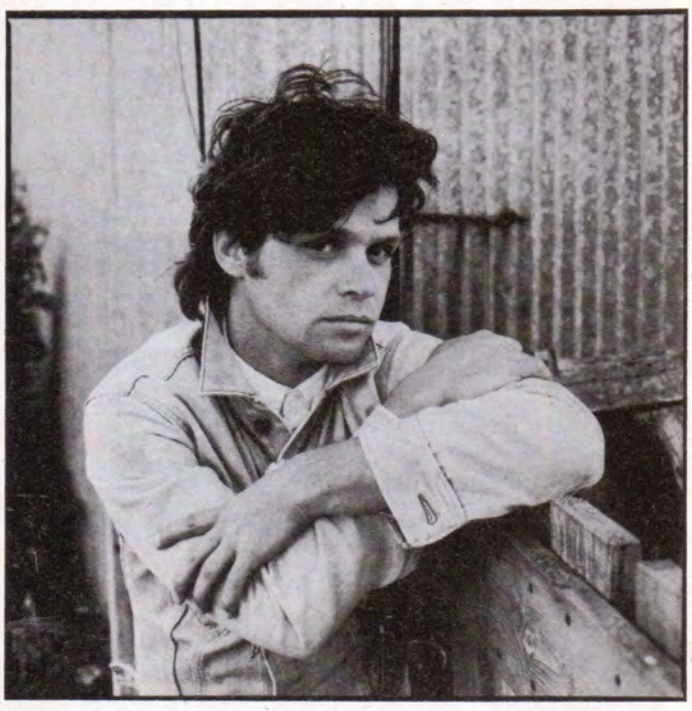
At this stage, it would seem that FM would have to do something really nightmarish to screw up their future. We wish 'em the best and if you're still haggling over the band's direction then chew on Chris Overland's closing comment . . .

"Style? Er . . . yeah. I would think we're more thrash folk than anything else!" **DEREK OLIVER**

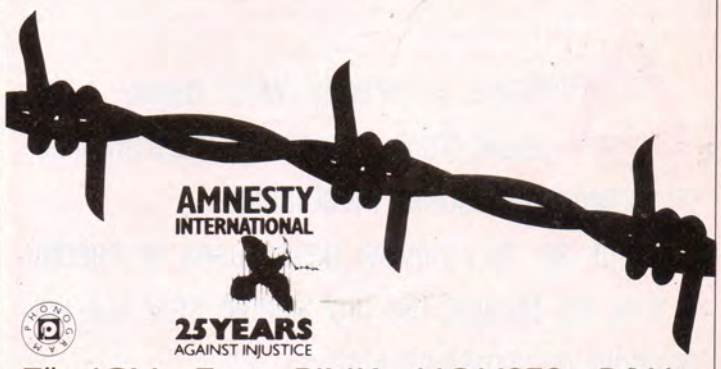
MORE MAYHEM OVER PAGE

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS A SINGLE BY

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP



PINK HOUSES



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WHO THE HELL DOES KATHY VINCENT THINK SHE IS?

Would *you* spend over £30,000 to stage a gig by an unknown girl singer at the Hammersmith Odeon?

KATHY VINCENT: don't call us

■ OH DEAR, how embarrassing!

Maybe you, like the good folk around the *Kerrang!* koven, have been wondering who on earth **Kathy Vincent** is? Over the past few weeks there has been a flurry of **Channel 4** TV ads promoting her headlining show at the Hammersmith Odeon in London and mucho national press proclaiming her to be 'Britain's hottest singing sensation' – comparing her quite pompously to the melodic AOR supremacy of **Europe** and **Bon Jovi** (but without the balls!)

What rot! Shuffling around the Hammersmith Odeon's expansive but embarrassingly empty circle, looking down on the stalls (occupied as far as I could tell by rent-a-crowd!), Kathy Vincent's sensational live debut died the proverbial death, sending A&R men into fits of hysterical laughter and immediately into the pub next door! Any future she might have had was effectively terminated there and then the very moment she hit the stage and opened her gob!

Can she sing? In my opinion, no! Every song was performed totally out of tune and at a furious tempo. She often outstripped her nine-piece band by seconds! There were moments here that made **Barton** heart-throb **Lisa Dominique** sound positively operatic!

Can she dance? Not unless fidgeting awkwardly and flinging your arms around your head like an out of control helicopter is called dancing!

And is she sexy? Er, well I won't make any comment about this if you don't mind . . .

So what's the scam and where's the story? Well, despite my plans to press her, figuratively speaking, for answers to the obvious questions backstage after the show, I just couldn't bring myself to embarrass her any further – heaven knows how much of a blow to her nervous system she'd suffered performing in front of a pathetically sombre audience, and any attempt to drag her through the whys and wherefores of such a non-event is not my idea of fun. In any case, I'm sure she didn't need yet another berk telling her what a gigantic failure it had all been.

After the gig, Vincent's record label **Buzzin' Records** (album titled **'Hotter Than Fire'**!) held a reception at the **Old Rangoon** restaurant in Barnes – attended by *Kerrang!* for investigatory purposes only!

Amongst the swiggers, we overheard talk that it cost in excess of £30,000 to stage the Odeon show alone . . . a figure that must have been further inflated by the TV ads, the album and the lig. Just why somebody should wish to invest hard-earned cash into something strictly second division remains a mystery!

Still, as an expensive farce it went down a treat . . . cheers you lot!

DEREK OLIVER

BARNEY

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

■ A NEW Barnsley band has been formed called **Cry**. The line-up is **Dave Pearsall** (bass/vocals), **Andy Young** (guitar), **Ian Parkin** (drums) and **Steve Clifford** (guitar).

The foursome have just recorded a song called **'Party After Dark'** with producer **Daryll Johnston** at Hemingbrough Studios in North Yorkshire and this will be issued on a forthcoming compilation album to be released by Ebony Records. In addition the same number will be put out as a single by the group on their own label in the next couple of months with **'Don't Get Mad'** on the flip.

■ SWISS BAND **Tower** have replaced guitarist **Billy White** with **Ron Jarzombeck**, who was previously with Texan group **Slayer**.

■ ITALIAN FIVESOME **Vanadium** have just put out their fifth album, **'Born To Fight'**, on the Durium label in Italy. Produced by **Louis Austin**, the basic tracks were recorded at Regson Studios in Milan and the mixing stage took place at Ridge Farm Studios in Surrey. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Run Too Fast'**, **'Still Got Time'**, **'Before It's Too Late'**, and **'Easy Way To Love'**.

Side Two: **'I Was Born To Rock'**, **'Never Before'** (a cover version of the **Deep Purple** number originally put out on the 'Machine Head' opus), **'Ridge Farm'** and **'Arms In The Air'**.

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

DIO DEFENDER

'A RAG-BAG of cynics and posers; tedious meals on Metal; I'd rather starve than suffer a Dio song' – such were Garry Bushell's remarks concerning Hear 'n Aid in his review of 1986 in issue 136 of *Kerrang!*

Well, listen here Garry Bulls**t, what the f**k did *you* do for Ethiopia, eh? You've got all the material comforts of modern western society, so why should you care about the starving millions in Africa?

You don't know just how lucky you are; you have wealth, comfort, a roof over your head and three meals a day. You did sweet F.A. for Africa – how dare you criticise Dio's efforts!

You're entitled not to like the song 'Stars' (it would be bloody boring if we all had the same taste in music), but to attack the motives behind the project is inexcusable. If that record wasn't made, how many more thousands would have died? If the proceeds saved just one life, it would've been worthwhile.

We all saw the films of the people in Ethiopia – I'm not ashamed to say I cried when I saw them. Anything at all, however small, which tried to alleviate the suffering can only be seen as considerate, generous and unselfish, and everyone who offered their services to Hear 'n Aid, whether they were the artists performing or the people involved in production, recording or whatever, should be given the full praise that they deserve. The organisation needed was massive, making a fantastic vision into reality.

It's great that Messrs Dio, Bain and Campbell, and those who helped them, decided to get off their arses and do something positive – unlike the Blackmores, Van Halens and Pages of this world who couldn't be bothered to get involved with a project that offered them no financial gain. Dio himself is caring and genuine – he isn't the one with the ego problem, no way . . .

As for Ozzy's 'let the b******s starve' comment, what else do you expect from such a warped, self-centred jerk? Next time he collapses after a gig, due to drugs, drink or a weak heart, just leave the meathead in the gutter to die . . .

Bushell, live in Ethiopia for a week, that'll shut you up for a bit. You, and others of your ilk, are utter scum, and I am appalled that you are given space in my fave mag to write such selfish, senseless and extremely sick tripe. F.O.A.D. **Spider, an avid Dio fan and supporter of Hear 'n Aid.**

IRISH JOKE

'IRELAND IS with him' . . . 'Overtly Celtic feel' . . . "I'm Irish!" – All quotes from the Gary Moore article 'Celt Hero' (issue 135). Does any mention of Irish dates appear in the adverts?

Case and point. **Stephen Murray, N.Ireland**

SKIN ALLEY

I AM writing to complain about the various skinhead bands you have been featuring in your magazine, such as the Cro-Mags in *Mega Metal Kerrang!* (issue four) and in *Kerrang!* 136.

I am concerned about skinhead violence at concerts. And I feel that by featuring skinhead bands in *Kerrang!* you are encouraging skinheads to attend Metal concerts and cause trouble. As pointed out by Gizz of English Dogs in his letter (issue 135), skinhead violence is ruining gigs for real rock fans. Just look at the photo of the skins being arseholes at the Celtic Frost gig reviewed in *Mega Metal* issue four. For some people merely the presence of skinheads at gigs can be intimidating.

Skinhead trouble must stop, or certain concerts by certain bands may be banned altogether. We must not allow the mindless few to spoil it for all the real fans. Skinheads should be banned from HM gigs altogether. Just like football matches, the trouble makers have to be kept out.

As for the skins who *do* come along and listen to the music, they can prove their loyalty by *growing* their hair, *not* shaving it off! So, please, NO MORE skinhead features. **A concerned long-haired Metal head.**

BRITS CAN FRASH, TOO!

I AM WRITING to complain about the attitude your rag is taking towards British Thrash. You are a load of arseholes. I've been reading the regular Deathvine columns by Don Kaye and usually every f**king band in it is either from Canada or the USA. It seems that a band over there just has to start up for a few minutes and your rag licks their arses.

What about the British Thrash scene? Bands like Annihilated and Concrete Sox are brilliant. Why don't you give them a bit of publicity to get them going and do us Brits a favour? **GY Thrasher.**

LINDA NOLAN

JOEY TEMPEST

NOLANS' LAND

AM I THE only person to notice that the Nolans have made a comeback, adopted Swedish accents, started wearing leather trousers and re-named themselves 'Europe'?

Joey Tempest should begin calling himself 'Joey Colossal Gnashers', or go and get his teeth halved at the dentist. The rest of the band should be re-moulded and given starring roles in 'Watership Down', to put those dazzling teeth to good use.

If there was such a thing as a motorised 'Action Man', its name would be Joey Tempest. His stiff and jerky (one, two, three . . . BANG, one, two, etc) attempts at headbanging remind me of a doddery old woman doing the hokey-cokey.

Someone should inform Joey that 'The Final Countdown' is NOT Heavy Metal, it's actually electro-pop. Trying to headbang to it is rather like ballet dancing to Motörhead.

I don't think the fact that Europe formed for the sole reason of entering the Eurovision Song Contest says a whole lot for them. Not only do I have to put up with their ego trip of a video on 'Top Of The Pops' (although I do have to admit they are a perfect TOTP band), but I now have to see those shining teeth every time I open Kerrang!

Europe are about as HM/HR as Samantha Fox, and they look pretty similar too.

Catherine Jones, London.

WINDS OF WAR

COMPARED WITH the rest of the UK music press, *Kerrang!* is usually intelligent and fair, reviewing bands for their musical content rather than their current 'trendiness' or otherwise.

However, the writings of Paul Henderson, specifically his laughable review of Hawkwind's orgasmic 'Live Chronicles' (issue 136), form a complex intellectual black hole. Why didn't you give the review to someone with a basic understanding of Hawkwind's extreme talent (eg. Derek Oliver or Dave Dickson) instead of someone who actually thinks that 'Silver Machine' is the Hawk's 'one memorable song' (presumably Henderson has heard this more than once because it was a hit single)?

Henderson slags the band off via stupid references to herbal tea, etc and complains about the lyrical direction. OK, so the album is based on Michael Moorcock's 'Elric' sword and sorcery novels, a far from fashionable subject, I'll admit. But why the f**k should music have to be fashionable to be good?

Hawkwind's spacey effects have f**k all to do with 'Dr Who'; they enhance the awesome music rather than 'clutter up the mix'. Their playing has no connections with Steve Hillage or the excellent 'Wish You Were Here', it is far harder and faster. But what would be so wrong with a Pink Floyd influence, anyway? Eh?

In case you think I'm just an ageing 'head', let me state that I'm a 19 year old student, that I also love Maiden and Metallica, and that all the people I've lent Hawkwind albums to – aged 15 to 20 – are now avidly buying them for themselves! Thank God for Paul Miller's fair live review in the same issue! The tour was pure adrenalin – especially 'Needle Gun'. **Guy Parfect, Lewes, East Sussex.**

PERVERT POWER

DEAR MARTIN HARRIS of Leeds (*Kommunication*, issue 136), before I start this I'd like to state these facts about myself:

1. I believe in chauvinism
2. I am male
3. I am a pervert

Now I'll begin and be as blunt as you were. I buy *Kerrang!* for a damn good letch. There's nothing better than opening my kopy of *Kerrang!* and seeing a 'slag' pictured in *Ladykillers* or finding a completely irrelevant photo of a naked girl hiding her tits behind two guitars.

Without *Kerrang!* to have a good perv at, me and plenty of other pervies would have to climb up to the top shelf at the newsagent for the dirty mags, Slam Diving back down to the till to pay for them! Who cares if these girls have nothing to do with HM! If they're prepared to flash their 'threepenny bits' (hi, Xavier), then all power to 'em.

Finally, I was at the WASP gig Martin Harris mentioned. And if he takes Blackie's lewd and crude raps seriously then he's a total cabbage.

Moaning Martin, you are a disgraceful boring whining old woman! **The Pussy-Starved Perv, somewhere in Liverpool.**

SCREEN DREAMS

Guitarist BERNIE MARSDEN is a veteran of countless bands, always threatening to make it big but never *quite* delivering the goods. However, the MGM project promises to be 'his best chance of success since Whitesnake'. MARK PUTTERFORD explains why this could be the real thing

BABE RUTH, UFO, Wild Turkey, Cozy Powell's Hammer, P(aice) A(shton) L(ord), Whitesnake, SOS, Alaska. . . yeah, I s'pose you could say Bernie Marsden has been around a bit (professionally speaking, of course!), and therefore I guess it wouldn't be entirely unreasonable to eye any new project he dips his toe into with a certain amount of scepticism. Yet mention this to the grinning guitarist himself and you'll get a typically light-hearted reply:

"Yeah, I've got the same reputation as Cozy Powell, haven't I?" he laughs, "although I suppose it's because we've been around for such a long time that it seems like we've had hundreds of bands!

"Actually though, George Harrison once said to me, 'I really envy you'. I said, 'YOU really envy ME?!' and he said, 'Yeah, you've been in lots of bands whereas I've just had the one'. . . and I suppose it's true that when you've played with lots of different musicians you're able to build up your craft by absorbing all the various experiences and channelling them into your next thing."

The 'next thing' for Bernie being MGM, a band featuring the talents of Mel Galley, John Marter and (temporarily at least) Neil Murray, which he took on the road for the first time at the tail end of '86. Like I said, you could be forgiven for being a touch cynical about the whole thing, but if my first encounter with the band is anything to go by this *could* be Marsden's best chance of success since Whitesnake. Excellent players, fine new material, a raunchy live set and all that experience must surely lead to something, wouldn'tcha say?

But before we get down to the nitty-gritty of MGM, let's get the low-down from Bernie on why his other two post-'Snake bands, SOS and Alaska, failed to do the business for him.

"Actually," he begins, as we sit in a small pub in Colchester, a town that makes Mornington Crescent seem like Las Vegas, "I was put into SOS straight after Whitesnake by my manager at the time who told me it was the right thing to do. But the moment I walked onstage I hated it. It just goes to show you that no matter how old you are, no matter how much experience you've got, you can still do the dumbest thing – ie. go out with a group you don't even like which bears your name. I mean, I wouldn't have even gone to *see* SOS!

MGM (from left): Neil Murray, Bernie, Mel Galley, John Marter

"MGM is very much guitar-orientated . . . I mean, Lizzy have gone – bless 'em – and Whitesnake ain't doing it . . . so let's get back to the 'two guitars' thing . . ." – BERNIE MARSDEN

"SO THEN I put Alaska together, and at first I really believed in it; in fact, I still stand by the records. But working with Rob (Hawthorn, singer) after working with David Coverdale was a bit of a shock. OK, so with singers there's always a little bit of the 'don't touch me there' kinda thing, and you can take it if, like David, the guy delivers song-wise, gives 101% onstage and doesn't carry his ego around offstage. But with Robert it was a case of his ego going before his talent, and although I tried to push him to the front all the time he just wasn't good enough to crack it. I mean, would *you* buy a car with three wheels? Because that's what Alaska was like with him in it.

"I hated every minute of the last six months of Alaska, and in fact I was thinking of knocking it on the head when we suddenly got offered the deal with Bronze. So we continued the band for a bit longer, but then we had to sack Rob, and although we found a new singer the Bronze company folded owing us a *lot* of money and I just thought, 'Oh sod it!' and decided to pack it up.

"So then I had some time to myself, writing songs and what-have-you, and one day I just went to visit Mel. We were both sitting there in his house looking at each other. . . and it seemed silly that neither of us were doing anything when we could easily get together and give it a good go."

For Mel, the vastly underrated singer/guitarist who shot to fame in the early '70s with Trapeze, this was his first chance to get his teeth into a band since he played with Whitesnake.

"I did the 'Phenomena' thing of course," he points out, "and I was hoping to record some stuff with Glenn (Hughes) before Gary Moore nicked him, but other than that I've just been waiting for something like this to come along. I'm really enjoying it all at the moment."

Enjoying it, that is, despite the unfortunate fact that he still has to wear the now famous 'toast-rack' on his left hand whilst playing.

"Oh yeah, I'll always have to wear that for playing," he rues, "because I can't do anything without it. But with it on I can play as well as before, really. I mean, I can't reach right up to the top of the neck, but apart from that I'm OK. In fact, I can do a lot of things much better than before because I've had to sit and practise so much with this thing on."

"Now we're *all* thinking of wearing 'toast-racks' as our gimmick," Neil laughs, "we could have rockets firing off them an' everything. I mean, forget Blackie Lawless' codpiece!"

FOR NEIL, the elegant and classy bassist who makes up the third quarter of this band's Whitesnake legacy, MGM really is just a part-time thing to keep him off the streets until the 'Snakes bare their fangs again.

"I'm still a member of Whitesnake," he explains, "but there have been so many delays with the recording of the new album that I just got sick of sitting around doing nothing."

According to Neil those delays included taking six months to find Aynsley Dunbar (the new drummer), having John Sykes return to Britain when Phil Lynott died, having David Coverdale lose his voice and consequently have an operation on his sinuses, having producer Mike Stone walk out. . . and all sorts! Anyway, he's in MGM for now. . . and at the moment things are looking good. Forget the bluesy, keyboard-bloated stuff Marsden has meddled with before, this band are a slimmer and much more dynamic outfit, with the emphasis balanced between fine, melodic songs and hard, punchy guitar playing.

"MGM is very much guitar-orientated," says Bernie. "Don Airey has come along to see us tonight and I don't want to incur his wrath, but I purposely said to Mel that we should try it without keyboards. I mean, Lizzy have gone – bless 'em – and Whitesnake ain't doing it. . . so let's get back to the 'two guitars' thing. We want this band to be dynamic in a live situation, and you can't do that if everything is swamped with keyboards."

"When you've got keyboards in a band they act as a big cushion for you to lean against, and *he* doesn't work as hard when there's keyboards around," says John, pointing at Bernie, "he'll stand back and let everything drift. But now he's got to work harder to *make* the song happen, and that's a healthy thing.

"In fact, everything about MGM is looking healthy," the former Alaska/Marillion drummer continues. "I mean, we had four rehearsals with this band before we played live, whereas Alaska would rehearse and rehearse and rehearse before it was capable of doing anything. It's so fresh and exciting now, and we're all having a laugh, too. There's a helluva lot of talent in this band, and just as much experience, so I *know* we're prepared for almost anything."

"Yeah," laughs Bernie, "I know I've been in'n'out of bands before, but this one is *really* going to be a concerted campaign."

PRIVET LIVES

MALCOLM DOME shrubs shoulders with new AOR god and 'Transformers' movie soundtrack sensation STAN BUSH

HARK. CAN you hear the shrill turbulence on the horizon? Listen. Do you detect the advent of a fresh tap dance running out of the tanks? Oooh yeah, baby blue jeans, after too many years in the creative doldrums, AOR is once again emerging with passion and power in the US.

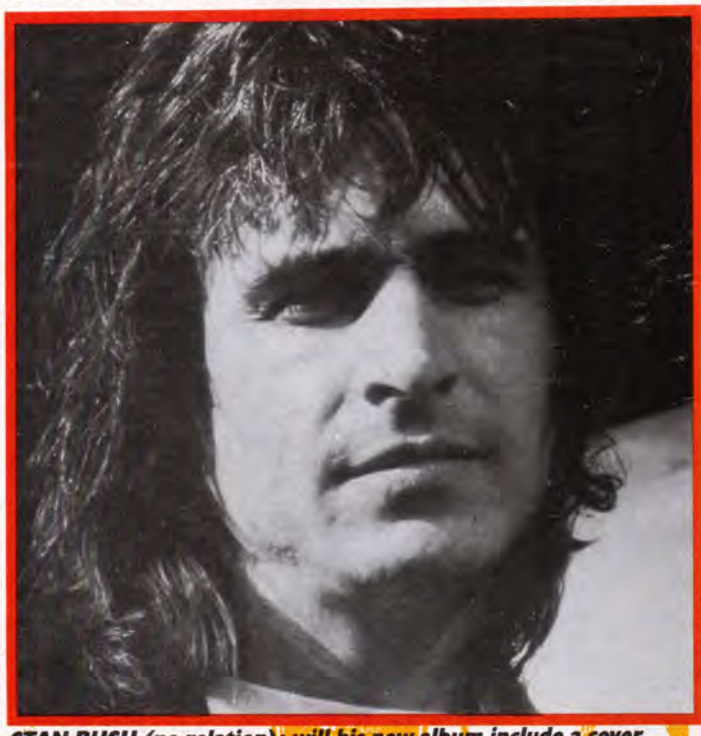
Consider the facts. Over the past few years those bastions of the musical format most beloved by America have either moved on to other villages (Pat Benatar), been split asunder (Styx) or else stagnated in a swelter of egomania (Journey, Billy Squier). It's been a torrid time for those of us who love bands able to deliver melodically structured songs with sophisticated panache and unyielding seismographic technique, at least as far as contendors from the Yankee rose canyon have been concerned. But now, finally, there are distinct signs of a new generation rising from the other side of the Atlantic, ready to ride the AOR flag into a new era.

Leading the way, inevitably, are Bon Jovi (about whom if you know nothing there's clearly something wrong with your smoke signal) receiver). But they are 'merely' the flagship for the flotilla. Names such as White Lion, White Sister and Aviator have already garnered considerable (and deserved) praise in these pages. They are proof that, with a few exceptions, the old guard are about to be swept aside on the AOR front by a new regimen. So pulse out those rhythms, manicure that beat and rise up from under the sheets . . .

ONE MORE name you can certainly add to this potential roll call of honour is that of a certain Stan Bush.

Now clearly SB's parents back in Gainesville, Florida (where Bush spent his formative years) had no intention of allowing their offspring to become a 'rock star'. After all, whilst the name 'Stan' is acceptable if you are known as Laurel or Ogden, there's no doubting 'rock stars' don't usually go about introducing themselves as 'Stan'. Hey, even Stanley Eisen had to become Paul Stanley to get his Kissogram to success. But, drawback though it may be, I reckon the name of Stan Bush could transcend the obvious titters and guffaws in the back rows and establish himself in 1987 as a formidable personality.

Why? Well, have you heard the soundtrack to the movie 'The Transformers'? If you've been lucky enough to catch this slice of surprisingly strong vinyl, then you'll already be aware that the outstanding contributions to this cartoon interplanetary caper come from the aforementioned Mr. Bush, in the form of 'The Touch' (just put out as a single in the UK) and 'Dare'.



STAN BUSH (no relation): will his new album include a cover version of Yes' 'Close To The Hedge'?! (Leaf it out! – SB)

These songs prove that when it comes to neu age AOR, this man (who now lives in Los Angeles. "I've been here for seven-and-a-half years") is up there competing with the finest on offer. So, could we see a bunch of ultra-sleek, two-dimensional mechanoids aiding and abetting the Stan Bush cause? Hmm, let's do the scrapyard boogie. How did Stan become involved with a kiddies' project like this?

"Well, 'The Touch' wasn't actually written for 'The Transformers' movie at all! In actuality, it was composed for the Sylvester Stallone film 'Cobra' but we couldn't get it accepted. Anyway, the producers of 'The Transformers' (part of the Dino De Laurentiis Entertainment Group) heard the number and asked if it was possible to include it in the latter. By this time, of course, it had also been recorded for my forthcoming album . . ."

Woooaaarrrggghhh! Hold on, what's all this about an LP? Yeah, I'm afraid the scratch cat's clawed its way out of the inner bag. Stan, y'see, has been working for some while with producer Richie Wise (whose previous credits take in such 'unknowns' as Kiss – the 'Hotter Than Hell' album – and Gladys Knight – the 'Imagination' LP – and who spends most of his time these days as head of A&R at Scotti Brothers Records) on a record titled 'Stan Bush & Barrage' set for release through Scotti Bros. (Survivor's label) in the US on March 1; as yet no UK date has been scheduled. This is, in fact, Bush's third LP, so before we discuss what can be expected from his latest pancake, let's break some eggs over his past.

AS I MENTIONED earlier, Stan was brought up in Gainesville and after a brief career playing on the local bar circuit (which presumably earnt him more beers than money) he moved onto Boulder, Colorado, where he joined a band called . . . Boulder.

"We did one self-titled LP (on Elektra, released in 1979 – ta for the info, 'Del Boy'), but things never happened for us, so the project fell apart."

However, Stan did get the chance to record an entire album's worth of demo material just after the Boulder debacle thanks to the belief of an unnamed studio engineer. This eventually led to Bush coming to the attention of veteran agent Ron Rainey, who was in the throes of putting together a new management company. Who says fate doesn't load the dice occasionally in favour of those who deserve a touch of fortune?

Rainey signed up the young Bush man and arranged a showcase for CBS, who snapped up Stan in '82.

And so began work on what became the 1983 'Stan Bush' album, wherein he worked with producers Kevin Beamish (REO Speedwagon/Jefferson Starship) and John Ryan (Santana/Graham Bonnett/Allman Brothers) and musicians like keyboardsman Alan Pasque plus bassists Leland Sklar and Dennis Belfield. The songs included original compositions like 'Fire In My Heart', 'Don't Accuse Her' and 'Time Isn't Changing You' and the only 'outside' number among the ten tracks was 'All American Boy', co-written by Van Stephenson and featuring the engineering talents of Andy Johns. Bush himself contributed all the guitar and vocal parts.

In short, this whole project seemed set to achieve what Aldo Nova had done with his debut effort, but the entire operation cut deep into the jugular and the patient died on the shelves.

"Looking back, I reckon it didn't have quite enough focus on it. Sure, it was a good album with good songs but it somehow never quite gelled the way I wanted it to and it never got the AOR acceptance I was after. There may also be a case for suggesting that it was released at the wrong time of the year (Autumn of '83). If you look back over the years, you'll see that traditionally debut LPs don't do particularly well at this time of year. And there may have been certain political problems as well that I don't wanna go into."

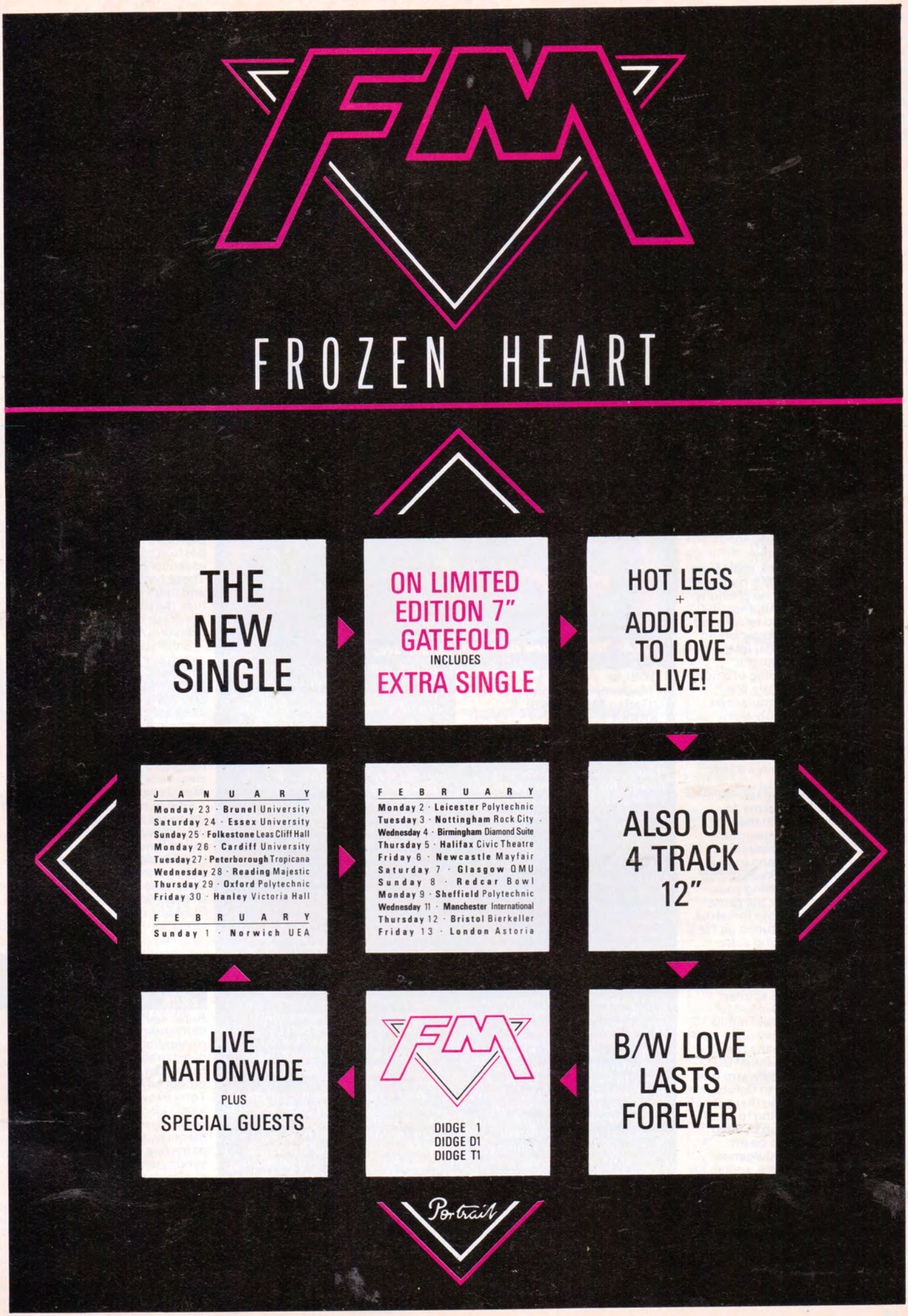
HOPEFULLY, THIS time around the same mistake *won't* be made. A new label, different producer, a fresh approach. 'Stan Bush & Barrage' (the 'Barrage' has been added because Bush is now putting together a touring band ready to promote the LP) is indeed an opus the main man is clearly excited about.

"This time we've got into a truly creative groove and come up with a much rockier and heavier album. This is much closer to my heart."

To date, I've not heard anything from this promised blockbuster (save for the excellent 'The Touch'), so I'll have to leave appraisal until a later date. What I can do is fill you in on some of the details. Like I said, it was produced by Richie Wise and apparently Side One is a loose concept based around the development of a love affair/relationship. The tracks run like this: 'Temptation' ("about the first part of any love interest"), 'Crank Out Radio' ("When love starts to grow"), 'Primitive Lovers' ("Lust"), 'Hearts Versus Heads' ("When doubts emerge in a relationship. This is also featured on the soundtrack for a new movie called 'The Wraith' ") and 'Love Don't Lie' ("Sorting things out").

The second side consists of: 'Gates Of Paradise', 'Do You Remember?', 'Take It Like A Man', 'The Touch' and 'What Is Love?'.

So, there you have it, a rundown on one man for whom 1987 might well be a significant year. I inadvertently omitted the name of Stan Bush from my tips for the top in issue 136, so let me put things right: if Bush gets the support he deserves then he'll go a long way.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DREAM MACHINE

TESLA: 'the best new American band in ages'

THE LADDER
'The Ladder'
(Atco 90540-1 import)
KKKKK

ALRIGHT, STOP heckling . . . so I'm biased! And who wouldn't be? After all, it's only twice in a lifetime that a melody makes your knees buckle, and 20 seconds into hearing 'Time Soldier' for the first time I tumbled headlong for this American band's sweet, smooth AOR approach. Melodramatic rock that I guess will alienate as many people as it attracts . . . but that's no reason to pass it by, and if Asia meeting Toto (with some Mr Mister too!) sounds like fun to you, here's a record to keep you very warm indeed through these grim and gloomy Winter days!

'The Ladder' is 100 per cent self-composed/produced and is a record more deserving of chart success than virtually anything else I've heard recently. Everything is doggedly, efficiently mid-tempo, apart from 'Lover' where they (five hard men from New York with no previous credits except for drummer Joe Franco who I seem to recall used to bash the tubs for Long Island losers The Good Rats!) let their hair down a little – but not enough – on something of a non-starter. And 'Don't Turn Me Away' is a rather formularised Totoesque melancholy tear-jerker – an obvious hit single, I'd have thought, were it in the hands of Peter Cetera or someone similar – but a touch soft-centred for moi!

But the goodies are fantastic! Opening cut 'Daydreams At Night' is very much in the Zeppelin mould, a sensuous knee-trembler with mellifluous vocalist Frank Mancano in fine heartbroken form (like Paul Young, actually), tickling your ears and your toes at the same time. Add the exquisite thrash of Tim Jordan's finely tuned guitar and you've got a sound softer than Loverboy but twice as effective. And there's more; the general quirkiness of 'Breakdown' and the spirited, relentlessly catchy 'Lie to Me' spice up an album that I might have put heavy money on to be a big surprise seller in the States . . . not so, however. Initial US reaction has been lukewarm (the album was released in October last year), but I reckon that a lot of you out there are going to ignore such a drastic balls up by *Atco* and love this band to death.

Forgive my self-indulgence, but turn up the volume, switch on the answering machine and swallow this! DEREK OLIVER

THE OUTFIELD
'Play Deep'
(CBS BFC 40027)
KKKK

TIME TO let the secret out of the bag . . . one of the best rock 'n' pop bands in the entire world, The Outfield, from London, have been burning up the American charts like nothing previously seen before, rising from the odd support slot at the Marquee to headlining a 30,000 capacity gig in the American Midwest. Hmmmm!

And there can be no argument – The Outfield *deserve* to be vast. Their sound, songs and skill all point towards a future where there'll be no need to carry cash and home will take the form of a series of hotel rooms strung out across the North American continent (where just a few short months ago they supported Starship).

Their sound relies on an effective combination of crunching guitar chords and the most superb vocals imaginable. As a band, much like The Police, they produce stimulating, quality pop songs with the aggression 'n' passion of heavy rock as an essential concealed ingredient. These boys are rockers at heart and there ain't nothing that can hide the thrash 'n' bash of cuts like 'Your Love', '61 Seconds' and 'Nervous Alibi'.

Sitting proud, though, are classically tailored singles like the American smash 'Your Love', 'Talk To Me' (not the Fiona toon) and 'Mystery Man'. These songs work because they employ a formula that just can't be matched – the perfect Eighties' response to The Kinks: simple melody, tight rhythm and crystal clear vocals courtesy of bassist Alan Jackman.

Guitarist John Spinks writes all the toons and if I told you that he once played in a Metal outfit called Running Blind who gave Iron Maiden a support gig would you please go out and buy 'Play Deep', the best LP of its kind since Cheap Trick's 'Dream Police'! PLEASE!

DEREK OLIVER

TESLA
'Mechanical Resonance'
(Geffen M5G 24120)
KKKKK

YES, YESyesyesyesyes*yes*!

I see arenas. I see thousands of dipsomaniacal teenagers holding their Bics heavenwards and flicking for all they're worth. I see thousands upon thousands of goathumpers and skullwavers lured from their pentagrammed hairspray to worship at the unstilettoed feet of THE BEST BAND TO HAVE SWAGGERED OUT OF SACRAMENTO! I'll go further (that's not saying too much, what with Sacramento being the governmental seat and capital of ol' sunny California and best known for a group whose name I've forgotten. *That* interesting) and say, the best new American band I've heard in ages – a real band, everything working and working together, the vocalist (ah, what a vocalist – dreamy and deadly) and the guitarists (ah, ditto – fluent in everything from hyper Chuck Berry to Hendrix) locking in a positively Zeppelin way – heavy, but not so heavy you feel like Leslie West sat on your face for a week and a half. An instant classic, and it's only January. This could be a mighty year . . .

Not much I can tell you about them that it doesn't say on the inner-sleeve blurb – except that they've just hit the road in the States supporting Dave Lee Roth. They're called Jeff Keith, Tommy Skeoch, Frank Hannon, Brian Wheat and Troy Luccketta and I've never heard of one of them, although the Troy person played drums with Eric Martin. They did the usual club circuit, made demos, got the major deal, and the only thing they did wrong as far as I can see was let managers Peter Mensch/Cliff Bernstein (Metallica, Dokken, Def Leppard, no less; they're in good company; I see arenas, etc . . .) pick their name. What the ****'s a Tesla? What do you do with it? And why does it have an album title and design that would be more at home on a Rush abomination? (See the questions you get to ask when they don't give you enough info?)

But the music is SO GOOD. Side One: muscly drums and sawing guitar give way to ultra-stomp and *those vocals*, a wild guitar break and 'Comin' Atcha Live', as urgent and sexy as it gets. A *purty* 'Stairway To Heaven'-ish intro, a voice half-whispered building to ball-gripping anguish, heavy guitar and the whole thing *Bad Co*'s out. And a ballad where Jeff Keith sounds like nothing if not Janis Joplin and Rod Stewart's bastard son.

And if you survive the emotion and manage to flip it over you get 'Modern Day Cowboy', which is nothing like the title (this band's good at that!), the ghost of Led Zeppelin hovering and nodding its approval, a couple of standard rockers, a nice bit of heavy heavy with a Dave Lee Rothian scream and – well, if Run DMC can nick from Aerosmith, why not? – a bit of *Scratch Metal*, closing with brain-scrambling mind-blowing Metal psychedelia!

Yeah, well, it's fine. No more to say. Buy it. SYLVIE SIMMONS

ZAPPACOSTA
'A To Z'
(Capitol ST 6541 import)
KKKK

ALFIE ZAPPACOSTA? Wow, that name rings a bell! Yeah, I remember; wasn't he the leader of erstwhile Canadian clubsters Surrender (who put out an LP produced by Rush associate Terry Brown), and didn't he have a solo LP out a couple of years back? Absolutely, and if my memory is anything to go by his name has always been synonymous with the kind of quality melodic rock supplied by the likes of Eric Martin, John Parr, Rick Springfield, Corey Hart, Eddie Money and Michael Stanley . . . And that's only scratching the surface because Zappacosta's vocal style and lyrical enthusiasm often take him to places that others don't even know about.

His sense of kaleidoscopic brightness will lay you out on the floor and tread all over your chest in an explosion of emotion. The irony, however, is that in places 'A To Z' is far *too* good and at least two of the 11 songs here suffer from just a touch of over-indulgence, but that's a crime I'm certainly prepared to live with. Putting that aside, you'll find the album exceptionally memorable and certainly more valuable than the import price of eight or nine pounds.

Essentially, you've got fast uptempo rockers to contend with as well as the more complex material . . . the work of a mature rock craftsman that in some instances goes magnificently beyond even contemporaries like Bruce Springsteen (which isn't *that* hard, I can assure you) and fellow Canadian Ian Thomas (a man left forever on the shelf of complacency). Good songs, with orgasmically perfect musical support from some old Surrender members and a few guests including ex-Chilliwack/Headpins guitarist Brian 'Too Loud' Macleod . . . the sort of stuff that wouldn't be out of place on a Mr Mister record.

Several cuts deserve more than a passing nod but the lack of review space prevents a blow-by-blow account; however, if you *do* need aural proof before purchase then make sure that you tune into 'I Think About You' – elegant, mesmeric, inventive and powerful in the most aggressive manner possible . . . There's not much more to say about this album except that it's wonderful.

DEREK OLIVER

SAMMY HAGAR
'Looking Back'
(Geffen 924 127-1)
KKK$^{2}/_{3}$

CULLED (AND some might argue that SH should be) from Hagar's three albums for *Geffen Records*, 'Standing Hampton', 'Three Lock Box' and 'VOA' (Voice Of America, would you believe?). The point of all this, you may be staggered to learn, is to turn a quick buck on the back of Mr Hagar's recent elevation to mega-star status following his liaison with Van Halen.

That said, this serves as a timely reminder that 1) Hagar The Horrible can turn in a nifty tune when he puts his mind to it, and 2) If you were impressed by VH's '5150' album and want to catch up on the Hagar back catalogue this compilation is going to save you a lot of money.

Sammy was always at his best live (check out the excellent 'All Night Long' LP on the *Capitol* label from 1978 for proof of my point!), failing to connect on vinyl on any more than a couple of tracks per album. 'Looking Back', then, gives you the pick of the *Geffen* bunch and prevents you having to wade through the dross to find the occasional Hagar gem. Someone at the record company ought to be congratulated. Congratulations.

Mr Hagar rocks through ten tracks including the title song of the 'Heavy Metal' movie and 'Three Lock Box' – to this day one of his finest moments on record. So . . . as compilations go you could do a lot worse. I was going to give it four Ks on the strength of the material, but then since there's nothing new on offer I thought I'd demote it to three-and-three-quarters but my typewriter hasn't got a three-quarters key, hence the $^{2}/_{3}$-of-a-K. Just thought you'd like to know.

Anyway, this should tide you over till the next Van Hagar album.

DAVE DICKSON

PURGATORY
'Tied To The Tracks'
(Steam Hammer SPV 08-1889 import)
K

BROODING OVER the sleeve notes to this wee opus I noticed that Purgatory's vocalist Jeff 'Geri' Hatrix proudly bills himself as the 'ROAR', but after hearing this atrocity I think the 'SNORE' would be far more appropriate!

I mean, just take a 'butchers' at these awful lyrics which appear on the title cut, and I quote: *'Hear the coming attack/Send you home in a sack/You're never gonna come back/You die when you're tied to the tracks!'* It's ironic that the shoddy artwork depicts ol' Jeff Hatrix tied to the railway tracks – is someone trying to drop a hint here?!

As for the muzak, well shoddy MOR Metal I'm afraid. Touch of the heard-it-all-befores. ZZZZZzzzzzzzzzz. . .

XAVIER RUSSELL

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE
'Live Alive'
(Epic 450238 I)
KKKKK

DO NICE people play 'Sausage Bottom'? Are boils fun? Is Lemmy a virgin? Does SRV and Double Trouble make duff records? More to the point, do SRV and Double Trouble play duff gigs? If you hesitated before saying 'NO!' to any of the above questions you might as well f**krightoffoutofit NOW! Well alright, I suppose the 'Sausage Bottom' question is debatable. But the rest . . . NOOOOOOOO WAY HOZAY!

This power kosmic double album from SRV and DT features 14 blistering fingertips-at-midnight tracks captured live from performances at the Montreux Jazz Festival of '85 and at the Opera House in his li'l ole home town of Austin, Texas; baby Jesus, I'd return to the bottle to have been at that one!

Kicking off with 'Say What' from his last vinyl blessing, 'Soul To Soul', you know this stuff is doing you only *good*; as the great rock'n'roll Dick Doktor said to me only the other day: "Krush, if you want to be happy you got to feel good". I didn't feel good when he told me that, but after I'd given him a good kick up the bum and nicked his Ju-Ju bag I did, and funny enuff I've been feeling happy ever since. But I digress . . . 'Ain't Gonna Give Up On Love', 'Pride And Joy', 'Mary Had A Little Lamb', 'Cold Shot', 'Look At Little Sister', 'Texas Blood', PHHEEEEW!

'Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)', 'Love Struck Baby', 'Change It', and 'Life Without You', all great, no, all f**king brilliant songs you should know and love (and if you don't I really don't know where you've been) presented live for your own personal happiness by the maestros themselves. And there's more; tales of 13 month old babies, broken looking glasses, seven years bad luck, the meanest woman you'll ever see (she'll mix your drinks from a can of that devil dye) and with a bit of luck you might just get buried in a kadillac koffin. YES! Three whole new tracks, I almost gave the dog a bone.

There's the opening number on Side Two, 'Superstition'; yup, that's right, *Stevie Wonder*'s 'Superstition' and in my book that's good! But is it Death Metal I hear you asking yourself? Well, I thought I told you to f**krightoffoutofit earlier on, cos no it *isn't!* Is it Metal? U.Y.A.W.A.B.P! As you'll find out on 'I'm Leaving You (Commit A Crime)', this is Rock/Blues/Soul/Metal at its finest (why does everything have to have Metal at the end of it to make it good? To get to the other side? F**k knows!)

Which leads us nicely onto the third new offering, 'Willie The Wimp' in his kadillak koffin, a good place to let these babblings of mine R.I.P. 'KRUSHER' JOULE

EXUMER
'Possessed By Fire'
(Disaster 1005 import)
KKKK$^{1}/_{2}$

HERE WE go again . . . VVVRRRROOOOMMMMM! What a way to start 1987; yet another Klassy Germanik Frash Krautfit masterminded by one of Germany's leading professors in Frash, Dr Matthias (Smirnoff) Prill. And – shock, horror! – it's not on Noise, but Disaster Records.

The first thing 'Possessed By Fire' has going for it is the fact that it was recorded at Musiklab Studios in Berlin under the expert guidance of Harris (Helloween) Johns and Tommy Ziegler – so you know it's gonna be VFM (Value For Moshing) even before the first mighty chord has been struck.

Frashly speaking, Exumer are quite entertaining. Take the opening title kut; yeah, typical eerie soundtrack stuff that then gives way to Metal Church-style growling from bassist cum voxman Mem Von Stein along with Kirk Hammett kloning – especially in the solos – from messrs Ray Mensh (no relation to sccchhhh you know who!) and Bernie on their smouldering axes.

However, next track up, 'Destructive Solution', is very ORIGINAL! After a nasty build up to the scherzo, the toon suddenly takes on a romantic theme and quite twee it is too; however, for some mad reason it works wonderfully! My own fave on this almost flawless offering is 'Fallen Saint' – no expense spared as a solitary church bell sets the toon in motion; Jimmy Greaves would die laughing if he ever got to hear this 'un watching the Saint continually fall over trying to Mosh'n'Tackle to the Exodus inspired riffin – yeah, a good 'un alright!

Pick of the Slammers on Side Two has gotta be 'Sorrows Of The Judgement', Techno Frash complete with a strange bass interlude and weird geetar solo! As dear ol' Igor at Shades would say: "Buy or F.O.A.D." This album is immense!

XAVIER RUSSELL

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FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

CITIES
'Annihilation Absolute'
(Roadrunner RR9656)
KKK½

IF YOU make it past the front cover –a cottonwool cartoon pic of da-boyz-in-da-band in mushroom-clouded city scene; tacky – and negotiate through the production – like pigeons pecking at your ears, gerbils clawing at your brain; dreadful – without getting too badly mugged, you wind up in *Muscle Metal* territory – a fast, fierce, manly sort of place, a hot dark rock alley where people spit razor blades and manholes spurt grimy steam like New York City subways.

Cities (hate the name; Kansas, Boston, Toronto are bad enough, but to call yourself after the *whole bloody lot!!*) come from Staten Island, US East Coast ferryland, and have two big things going for them: lead guitarist Steve Mironovich – heard to best advantage on his very own guitar solo track towards the end of Side Two, a speedy, classy, sinewy player – and drummer A. J. Pero. Yes, the very same animal who left Twisted Sister in '86, back with the group he bashed skins for in the beginning. When AJ rejoined, Cities re-recorded the album they'd made earlier in the year with him drumming; they airbrushed his dinky little cartoon-pic onto the sleeve, and this is what we get: some damn decent *hard* HM.

Best tracks – other than the nice bit of backwards-Thrash-masking in one intro – are opener 'Stop The Race' (a song about the lunacy of the arms-race; nice to see a bunch of heavy boyz tackling the subject of blowing *the world* instead of the usual. . .!) and closer 'Deceiver', though there *is* some rubbish inbetween; 'In The Still Of The Night' especially, which starts out gloriously grungy, slow and crawling then degenerates into a right directionless mess. I tend to blame this on the band producing themselves – no outsider to tell them when they're heading up their own behinds.

Still, overall it's pretty powerful, confident Metal from a band well worth watching out for.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

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KKK¼

AT WAR
'Ordered To Kill'
(New Renaissance/
Greenworld GWD 90550
import)
KKK

SADLY, 'ORDERED To Kill', the debut album from Virginia Power Metal trio At War, seems unlikely to see a European release as New Renaissance, the band's US label, has been unable to tempt a company this side of the pond into putting it out. Even Roadrunner have turned their noses up at it! And that's quite surprising when you consider that it's the heavier end of the Metal spectrum that is actually shifting the vinyl. Whilst 'Ordered To Kill' certainly isn't the strongest release of its ilk, it still sits firmly in the clutch of albums that Thrash fans will shell out for on sheer reputation alone.

But to dismiss At War as Thrash would be pretty inaccurate. The trio – Paul Arnold (bass/vocals), Shaun Helsel (guitars) and drummer Dave Stone – are obviously great fans of Motörhead, backing this up with a fine rendition of 'The Hammer'; consequently, they base much of their material around Lemmy and the lads. Unfortunately, the production lets the album down badly: you really know you're listening to a trio, the sound is so thin at times.

Filtering through the production, however, comes 'Eat Lead' (a re-recorded version of a demo track) and 'Capitulation', spraying a hail of lethal death. The subtle 'Rapechase' – a refugee from the 'Speed Metal Hell II' compilation album – pretty much sums up where At War are at: macho violent noize with about as much finesse as Dirty Harry wielding an M16.

Labelmates Cerebus too are to get a European release soon on US Metal Records and they certainly have the drop over At War, musically speaking. Pivoting around lynchpin Eric Burgess (he co-wrote all eight tracks on the 'Too Late To Pray' album), the band specialise in Scorpions-style Metal but with far more emphasis on twin guitar runs, particularly on the title cut.

And like labelmates At War, the production often leaves a lot to be desired. In several places the (mighty fine, it must be said) vocals of Scott Board shine out radiantly but to the detriment of the rhythm section who are left valiantly fighting a losing battle through a sluggish mix.

Shame really cos with a bob or two upfront Cerebus could be major league contenders.

PAUL MILLER

HERETIC
'Torture Knows No Boundary'
(Roadrunner/Metal Blade Records)
(RR9640)
K

VERY AVERAGE LA Metal; touch of the heard-it-all-before syndrome. The only memorable song on this album is 'Riding With The Angels' and that was written by the one and only Russ Ballard. The band's own repertoire is very dodgy, evidence of which can be found on the track 'Whitechapel', just a blatant Armored Saint rip-off.

The funniest thing about 'Torture . . .' (apart from the title) is the inner sleeve notes, and I quote: *'With pounding drums, wailing guitars, pulsating bass and screeching vocals Heavy Metal music was born. While some closed their ears in dismay* (probably listening to this record) *others opened their hearts to the brave new sound . . .'* It goes on, but I don't want to bore you with it.

XAVIER RUSSELL

ANTI-CIMEX
'Anti-Cimex'
(Distraught SKY5)
KK½

I GUESS the name Anti-Cimex will probably be unfamiliar to most of you out there, yet this is their fourth release and, I seem to remember, they also completed a nationwide UK tour a few months back with fellow countrymen Agoni.

So why the grey mist around the name? Well, for starters, Anti-Cimex are basically a hardcore Punk band (as opposed to a hardcore *Metal* one), and, for their pains, are Swedish to boot. Their album – or mini album to be more precise – is their first to be released here and also happens to be their debut vinyl for Distraught Records. The seven short, sharp doses of bass-ridden mayhem actually play at 45rpm, although I'd gotten into the second song before I realised that, such is the frenzied nature of the disc.

Most of the numbers sound like a far heavier Discharge or perhaps an early Onslaught – certainly more Punk than Metal at any rate. But 'Painkiller' boasts a pure rock 'n' roll back-beat – anyone for Mutant Metal? – and 'Prelude E-Minor' is simply pure noise with tongues set firmly in cheeks.

I personally have gotten quite attached to Anti-Cimex in a perverse sort of way, but I can't see the majority of you out in *Kerrangs*ville sharing my viewpoint.

PAUL MILLER

A DROP OF THE HARD STUFF

WARFARE
'Hardcore 87 – Mayhem Fkin' Mayhem'**
(Neat 1040)
KKK

LUDICHRIST
'Immaculate Deception'
(Combat Core 88561-8133-4 import)
KKKK½

ADRENALIN OD
'Humungousfungusamongus'
(Rough Justice JUST 5)
KKKK

SO FAR AS I can tell, the term 'Hardcore' still awaits a band who can adequately define it. To date, most incumbents in this genre seem to be either failed punks looking for a Thrash audience or vice versa. That is *not* the way to build credibility. Warfare are a typical example of what's gone wrong. They're not a *bad* act, in fact I get the feeling that if this trio actually stopped trying to be studiously obnoxious and outrageous they'd be a rather useful band with something of a future.

As it is, this North-Eastern mob led by Evo seem to spend much more time inhaling the fumes of other's exhausts and attempting to 'shock' and 'horrify' the nation than developing musical muscle. Oh yeah! Choke bleedin' choke!

'Hardcore . . .' is the third offering from Warfare and whilst it certainly is several steps up 'Metal Anarchy', nonetheless it lacks the immediacy of their debut effort 'Pure Filth'. There's a stodgy outline to most of the tracks, that's not helped by a production (courtesy of Evo, guitarist Gunnar and Venom's Cronos) that has precious little definition and all too much instrumental cramming.

There's not much more to be said about 'Hardcore . . .'. It's heading in the right direction, has a generous helping of power and some strong musicianship, even the occasional good song ('Hungry Dogs' and 'Projectile Vomit' are personal faves), but the band still have a way to go.

AOD: AOK!

Ludichrist, on the other hand, are well on their way. This US East Coast band have with this, their superb debut album, moved right to the forecourt of Hardcore as far as I'm concerned. The passion and brutal force of every demented number is right on the jagged mark, and putting this effort back-to-back with Warfare's brings out the indigenous inadequacies of the latter as opposed to the fierce possibilities of the former. Randy Burns' production is smart, simple and so effective.

Outstanding cuts? Try 'Most People Are Dicks', 'Murder Bloody Murder', 'Blown Into The Arms Of Christ', 'Green Eggs And Ham'(outBeasts the Beastie Boys), 'Immaculate Deception','Government Kids', 'Mengele' (rather more obviously, virulently humanitarian than Slayer's 'Angel Of Death', yet possessed of similar tongue-in-cheek raw nerve endings that are virtually impossible to ignore) and an hysterical rendition of the Monkees' 'Last Train To Clarksville'. This band are wild, angry, hungry and talented. I think they'll go far.

Adrenalin OD, who allegedly inspired SOD (RIP), are nearly as raucous as Ludichrist but fall just a tad short, simply because they lack that extra dimension possessed by the latter.

Still, this is all good rancid fun, played at breakneck volume and flashpoint speed. Titles such as 'AOD Vs. Son Of Godzilla', 'Pope On A Rope', 'Velvet Elvis', 'F**k The Neighbors', 'Surfin' Jew' and 'The Nice Song' really do live up to their promise, spurting hilarity and meanness over a truly manic rhythm. Given a run at the flagpole, AOD might just raise their banner high. The talent and strength in depth is certainly there.

Overall, I reckon Warfare are probably languishing around the second division relegation zone, unlikely to even make the playoffs, whilst AOD could well be strong promotion contendors and Ludichrist are certainties for championship honours.

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

ERIC CLAPTON

BEHIND THE MASK

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FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

GUNS N' ROSES
'Live Like a Suicide'
(Uzi Suicide Record Co VSR-001 import)
KKKK

HERE IT is, folks, the sleaziest record to come out of Smog Angeles since Mötley Crüe's 'Too Fast For Love' debut LP. Delete Poison cos Guns N' Posers are far more happening; hell, they're currently recording an album for *Geffen Records* due out sometime soon, but because you the public are so impatient for GN'R product they've had to release this 'Live Like A Suicide' four-track EP – and what a scorcher it is: two covers and two originals . . . let's deal with the former first.

Namely, a truly smouldering rendition of the Rose Tattoo classic, 'Nice Boys', played with even more venom than the original, and the Aerosmith gem 'Mama Kin', which lead growler W.Axl Rose introduces as "A song about your f**king mother!". Not quite as good as the original but a worthy attempt nonetheless.

As for their own songs, well, there's 'Reckless Life', which is very LA and wonderfully tacky, but for me the pick of the pile has gotta be 'Move To The City', which could quite easily be an Aerosmith outtake – master Rose really has got that Steven Tyler 'moaning' style of singing down to a fine art.

GUNS N' ROSES: 'the sleaziest record to come out of LA since Mötley Crüe's "Too Fast For Love"'

Geetarists Slash N' Izzy also deserve a special mention – their muddy style of playing really does remind me of heyday Lightning Raiders mixed in with a bit of Hanoi Rocks. I now eagerly await the studio album . . .

XAVIER RUSSELL

CLOVEN HOOF
'Live – Fighting Back'
(Moondance Records CH002)
KK

THERE WAS a feeling once upon a time that the cloddily titled Cloven Hoof might be in there as contenders with at least half a shout! The band were possessed of a certain 'Je ne sais quoi', a quirky, off-the-wall, half-baked eccentricity that promised better days if the magic ingredient of much moolah were to be added to the basic elements of Fire, Air, Earth and Water!

Things didn't work out that way, however. Punters are prepared to put up with tackiness during formative years, but if such a gimmicky approach as Cloven Hoof's doesn't take off pretty damn sharpish, then the laughs are *on* and not *with* them!

Cloven Hoof don't look like Superman or Rock 'n' Roll Immortals, they look more like brickies from the West Midlands dressing up for some silly New Year's Eve festivities! Yeah, the band realise that image is important, but no image is better than a laughable image in my book!

Now of course all this could easily be forgiven if the Hooves had somehow managed to concoct a record that lives up to its title. However, the baser elements don't mix with any fluidity whatsoever and all we reap for our aural efforts are a bunch of half-hearted Maiden and Priest rip-offs ('Reach For The Sky' and 'Fugitive') and the odd piece of average AOR tedium in 'Could This Be Love?'. Paltry pickings from such grandoise aspirations!

And as for the 'live' tag? As Geoff Barton so rightly jocularised down the phone, this is about as live as Priest's 'Unleashed In The East'. Mmm, so crowds sound exactly the same throughout a live performance do they?! News to me!

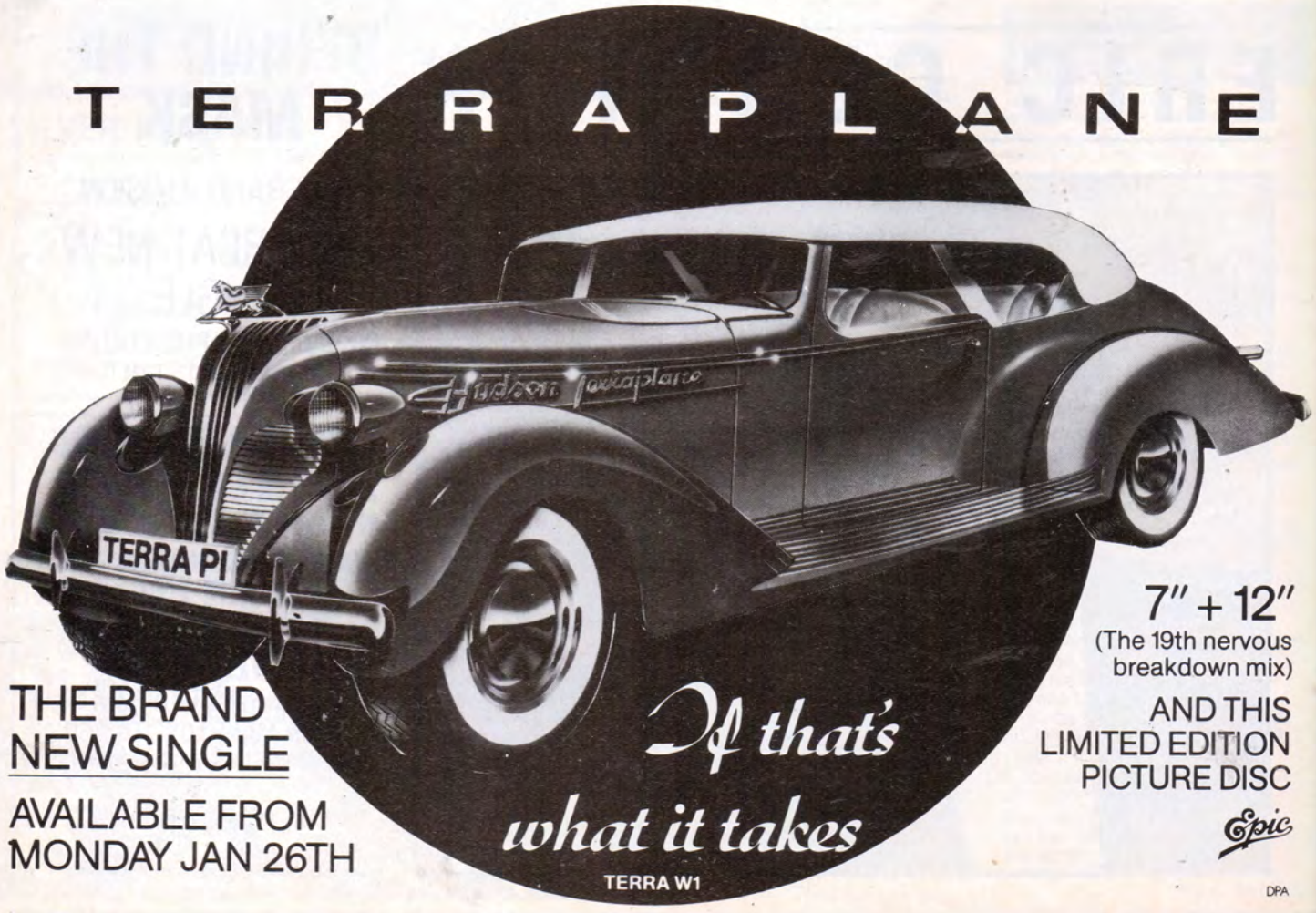
It seems as if Priest's management company are looking to Cloven Hoof to succeed the ageing masters, but I don't see mega status beckoning for Steve Rounds, Lee Payne, Rob Hendrick and Kevin Pountney. Not even an inspired cover of the Tom Jones classic 'Daughter of Darkness' can pull this album out of the musical quagmire.

Can you really believe in a band who take it upon themselves to inform you that Steve Rounds lives in the Stygian Netherworlds?! Just outside Wolverhampton, are they?!!

HOWARD JOHNSON

TENSION
'Breaking Point'
(Torrid Records 88561 8098 – import)
KKKK½

I'M RATHER selective about my Thrash, in case you didn't know!



A blitz of bombast is not enough for me to start salivatin' and stompin', no siree! What this boy needs is a piece of solid songwriting action and the kinda playing that does this hardest of contemporary music forms justice. Don't forget (he says modestly) who was the first man to bring the mighty Anthrax to your attention!

Well, now it's time to shake hands with Tension (formerly Deuce, judging by the RIP signs which adorn the album sleeve!), a four-piece that's tighter than a duck's arse and seriously ready to make massive moshing marks on your face!

I believe the boys are based in LA. Then again, I could be wrong, but who gives a monkeys when the vinyl fire's all you really care about? This is serious indeed!

From kick-off to final whistle, the tension's on maximum stun, twitching and pulsing with some of the finest Thrashery to hit our turntables to date! Firstly, you're stunned by the astonishing musical competence of the crew, utterly wicked time changes abounding to trick, deceive and delight. Vocalist Tom Gattis, bassist Tim O'Connor, guitarist Timmy Meadows (brother of Punky) and drummer Billy Giddings must bleedin' sleep with each other to get *this* tight!

Yet behind the technicalities lie some classic moments. No, of course you can't sing along to any of Tension's tunes, but that's not the point is it? The likes of 'Wrecking Crew' and 'Reach For Your Sword' will tell you all you need to know.

Yeah, there are reference points, even the obvious ones of Metallica and Maiden, but there's also something here that's very much *Tension*. The band have sussed how to lower the pace but not the passion, how to add subtlety to aid the overall effect. Listen to 'Angels From The Past' with its classy acoustic intro and you'll get the picture in one. And with a title such as 'The Downfall Of Evil' these boys have obviously got more than a touch of the old grey matter too. Truly positive!

What Tension could do with some serious finance behind them is quite frightening. Someone with suss should be good enough to let the band find out for themselves. Until such times, check out Tension post haste. I refuse to believe you'll be disappointed!

HOWARD JOHNSON

SATAN
'Into The Future'
(Steamhammer SPV 60-1898)
KKK½

AT A time when many of the European indie Metal labels are producing more crap than an elephant with diarrhoea, West Germany's Steamhammer label is fast building a reputation for quality output. My old sparring partner, the idiotic Harry Headbanger esq., had already put me onto fine Steamhammer releases by Steeler and Charon before turning up at my door t'other day clutching his latest discovery, Satan's 'Into The Future'. And it's not a bad effort at all.

Satan, who must have one of the corniest monickers of all time, are not from Germany, hailing in fact from sunny Newcastle. A five-piece featuring the searing guitar runs of Russ Tippins and Steve Ramsay, who lock together in fine Tipton/Downing fashion whenever possible, they actually play the kind of Metal you've probably heard a million and one times before, but do it well enough to keep you interested throughout. Titles like 'F**k You' on this mini-LP might not fill you with confidence, but Satan *can* be far more subtle than their staggeringly unoriginal name suggests, and beneath the mayhem signs of musical intelligence *are* detectable.

But power is Satan's main weapon and, basically, 'Into The Future' is a shattering four-stage assault on the nerve cells that'd leave Rambo quivering like Dumpy on a trampoline. 'Key To Oblivion', 'Hear Evil, Speak Evil' and 'The Ice Man' are the other bombshells available and are effective if lacking in originality.

MARK PUTTERFORD

STRYPER
'Soldiers Under Command'
(Music For Nations MFN 72)
KKK¾

PLASMATICS
'Coup D'Etat'
(Revolver Records REVLP 78)
KK¾

TWO RE-RELEASES for your kind consideration here, and two records from different ends of the Metal spectrum; in the pure white corner we have those ever-so-sweet Stryper boys, skipping from Genesis to Revelations with a *Kerrang*ing kongregation of heavy hell-hosing hymns and Beelzebub-butting ballads; and in the grotty black corner we have the disgusting Wendy O. Williams and her Plasmatics, trundling through the sewers with a sleazy cesspit of mean and evil Metal. The kind of music just right for exploding cars to, in fact.

So which one should you favour? Well, *I'd* go for the God-fearing gobbledy-gook of Stryper, for in reality it's far from the dog-collared dross you may expect and much closer to prime pulpit-pounding Metal. From the parade-ground power of 'Soldiers Under Command' through the self-explanatory 'Makes Me Wanna Sing' and the heavenly 'First Love' to the crucifying crash-chords of 'Surrender', Stryper come up with some very impressive melodic hard rock, pumped full of vicar-ised venom. Okay, so all the religious rantings get on your tits after a while, but the music itself rarely boobs.

Talking of which . . . here's Wendy! And here's the Plasmatics 1982 album 'Coup D'Etat', which basically is all tits'n'leather'n'studs'n'tits'n'spikes'n'bullets'n'tits'n'riffs'n'screams'n'tits for my money. There's shades of early Sabs, shades of Motörhead, shades of punk (. . . an altogether *shadey* album, no?) and plenty of vicious vocals from 'Krusher's fave pin-up gal. But I find it all more out*rageous* than out*standing*, with the inclusion of Motörhead's 'No Class' summing up my opinion in two words.

A case of W.O.E. rather than W.O.W. for me, I'm afraid.

MARK PUTTERFORD

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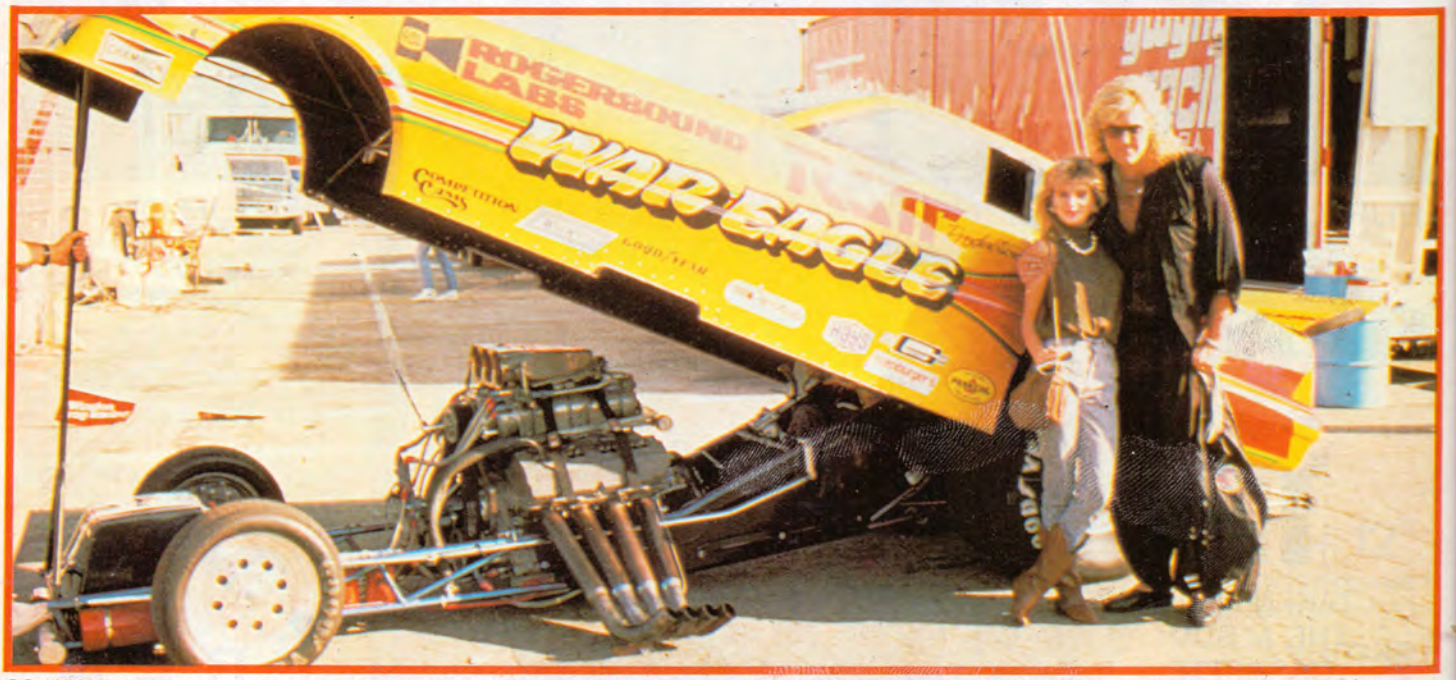
PICTURED ABOVE is the successful **Van Hagar** team after a heavy American touring schedule. From left: **Alex Van Halen, Sammy Hagar, Eddie Van Halen** and **Michael Anthony**.

But wait a minute, isn't there summat amiss? It's not bad enuff that Eddie has gotten himself a decidedly **Dirty Den**-like haircut (presumably so he can see the mixing console as he produces the new Hagar solo album), but wot on earth has Alex done to himself? It seems that he bet the rest of the band he'd shave off all his hair at the end of the VH US tour . . . and he was as good as his word! What did he win? Oh just a case of Brylcreem and lifelong membership of the **Telly Savalas** Fan Club!

"HEY DUDESICKLE, anything **Dave 'Legs 11' Roth** can do, I can do . . . er, well, *nearly* as well!" **Ratt** lead vocalist **Stephen 'No, It's Not A Sock, This Is For Real' Pearcy** spotted a kopy of *Kerrang!* issue 125 lying around the photo studio during this session and decided that it might be a hoot to pick it up and attempt to mimick the famed Rothian pose. Hmm, nice try Stevie baby, but somehow we, er, feel that you're not quite, er, up to scratch. Mebbe next time, you *should* stuff a sock down the front of those pants.

Incidentally, continuing with this occasional series, watch out for **Mötley Crüe**'s **Vince Neil** posing with this picture of Stephen posing with the issue featuring Dave Roth posing with . . .



SO, WHAT does a well-heeled mega-success like **Ratt** do with the veritable fortune earnt in recent times? Donate the proceeds to the **Ross Halfin** Restoration Fund? Nope. Give up a few coppers for the **Blackie Lawless** Home For Lame Ducks? You gotta be kiddin'. Drop some dollars into the **Alex Van Halen** Fund For Proper Haircuts? Hey, c'mon now . . . No, Ratt (in particular, racing fan **Stephen Pearcy**) elected to invest in their own hot rod racing dude, namely one **Dale Puldee** and this machine the Ratt **War Eagle**, a finely-tuned hunk of metallic mayhem that is constantly entered for major races across the States. And by all accounts, it's a rather successful instrument of power into the bargain.

Pictured next to this most monumental of cars is lead guitarist **Robbin 'King' Crosby** and his galfriend **Lori** (born in Dallas and a resident of Los Angeles, as well as a recent model in *Playboy* magazine). *Kerrang!* hot rodders **'Del Boy' Oliver** and **Paul Henderson** were said to be mightily impressed with this exposed engine, the rest of us . . . well, we're searchin' for that *Playboy*, in the hope of seeing some other exposés!

WOOOAAAARRGGH!!!

WHAT'S THIS? Another sensational **Barton** headline, yet more **'Krusher'** designer art? Nah, just *Smash Hits* taking a leaf out of the *Kerrang!* book of onomatopoeias as they attempt to sum up **A-Ha**'s recent UK tour. Huh? Ah-Ha described as 'Woooaaaarrggh!!!'? Next **Nick Berry** will be called a 'Mosher'!

***MÖTLEY CRÖW** vocalist **Nince Veal** hardly has time for a proper bath these days, let alone a spare moment to take his limo down to the local car wash. So he combines both activities as he sets off to continue work on the latest Cröw opus **'Girls, Girls, Girls'**.*

*What's that? Who are the beauties in the water with him? Would you believe that they're graduates in nuclear physics discussing the **Schroedinger** equation with the highly intellectual singer? Thought not!*

WELL, WE'VE 'eard it all now! Florida band **Nasty Savage** (whom some insist on referring to as **Nasty Sausage**, but we won't dwell on **'Del Boy**'s penchant for Walls bangers) recently teamed up with lady wrestlers and NS fans **Luna Vachon** and **The Lock** (!) to record what is described as a 'Metal mayhem masterpiece'. The object of this exercise (beyond gaining gratuitous publicity) remains obscure.

Still, we await the results with, er, bated breath. Dare we suggest that other Thrashers should follow this example. Howzabout **Slayer** with **Mr.T**? Or what's to stop **Onslaught** and **Kendo Nagasaki** gettin' together? Oooh, the possibilities are endless, not to mention painful and mindless!

DEVIL ROCK is gettin' everywhere these days. Just a couple of weeks ago an entire episode of (ulp) **'Chips'** was devoted to the heinous attempts of a conniving rock manager to make a quick fortune out of his 'demonic' singer **Molock** by killing him off whilst leaking to the press the presence of a secret message from Beelzebub himself on his latest album *if* the damn thing is played backwards at (wait for this) 66.6 rpm! Naturally the cop heroes come to the rescue in the (old)nick of time.

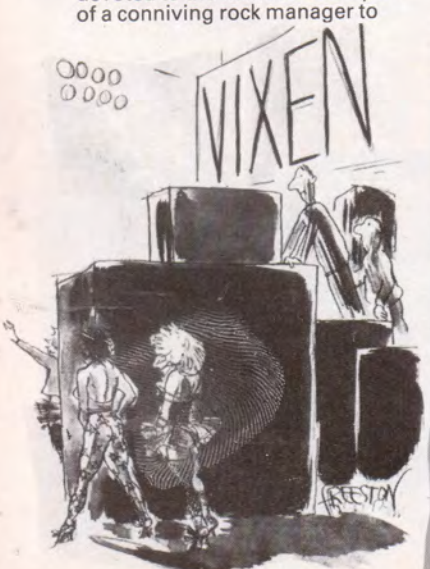
Hey, what an amazing plot. Next we'll be seeing **King Diamond** giving **Dirty Den** singing lessons on **'EastEnders'** or else **JR** teaming up with **Cronos** for a duet.

AND SO the sorry saga continues! It seems as if **Def Leppard** have now put their long-awaited new album (heard *only* by **Dave Dickson**) back to a Summer release. Word has it that said opus (**'Hysteria'** seems to be a favoured title, but don't be surprised if this changes) won't now be finished until June, with the LP actually hitting the streets in September.

In the meantime, guitarist **Phil Collen** was recently to be seen kicking his heels by hanging out in Paris (where the band were recording) with **Mick Jagger** who was recording a solo album in the studio next door to da Lepps.

WE DO get 'em! Now everybody knows that **Saxon** are amongst the world's most boring bands and we further realise that those very nice people at EMI obviously have to try and get the Barnsley snores into the press on any pretext, but when someone from the group's press office rings up to tell us that Saxon acquired a cat on their last UK tour as a mascot and that at first they inadvertently thought it was male and expect *this to* make an item in the debauched pages of VFTB we do feel rather exasperated.

Moreover, the same office felt that telling us guitarist **Graham Oliver** wasn't allowed to set his instrument on fire at the climax of Saxon's show in California and that instead he decided to kick over his amps. Wow!

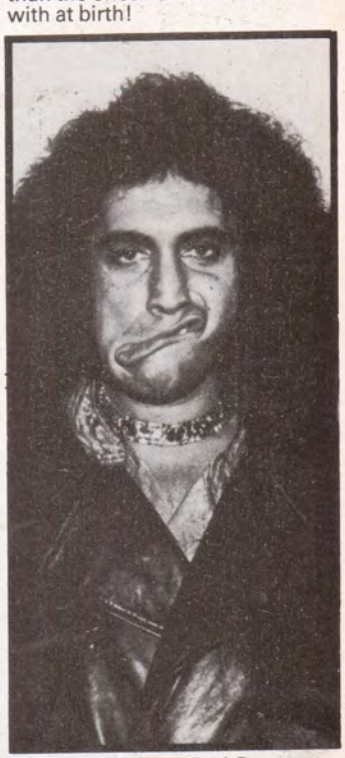


"Good grief! There are 2,000 blokes out there dressed as chickens!"

***SAVATAGE** HAVE just recruited a bongo player. He's **Ed Koch**, who is pictured here on the extreme right. Little is known about his previous experience, however rumours that he was once Mayor of New York City can almost certainly be discounted. After all, would a country that elected a president regularly upstaged by animals in B-movies vote a bongo player into a position of responsibility and importance . . .*

BILLY IDOL, it seems, can't make up his mind these days as to what to do with his career. The 'Whiplash Smile' has long since disappeared and now Mr. Idol is donning suitably tacky crosses in the hope of capturing the attentions of one **Tony Iommi**, who apparently is the mainman with pub rockers (failed) **Slack Haddock**. Well, judging by the way the guitarist gets through vocalists (he's worse than **Brit Ekland**), chances are he'll soon be looking for someone to replace current incumbent **Ray Gillen**. How does **Black Idol** sound? Or what about **Billy Sabbath**?!

On the other (left) hand, Mr. Idol has also mastered the ancient Vulcan greeting of 'live long and prosper' as displayed on many episodes of **'Star Trek'**. Perhaps he fancies getting a set of pointed ears and trying out for the role of a Vulcan rocker in the next 'ST' movie, **'The Search For Don Dokken's Wig'**. Mind you, *any* set of ears has gotta be better than the ones he was 'blessed' with at birth!



ER, IT seems that **Kiss' Gene Simmons** was doing his well-known impersonation of **Billy Idol** when the wind blew in the wrong direction and he got stuck like this.

Honest!

SHORT

Reviewed by HOWARD JOHNSON

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: 'Angels Don't Cry' (CBS)
Yesterday's men who've been the lucky recipients of a touch of mouth-to-mouth with the old chestnut 'Pretty In Pink'. This here 45 ain't nowhere near as snappy; an AOR-ey Bowie and hardly essential.

CHARLIE SEXTON: 'Hold Me' (MCA)
Never could see what all the fuss was about with our Charlie. Nice cheek bones, not such great records. The older members of the *Kerrang!* kommunity inform me that this song was originally recorded by one P.J. Proby. Why anyone would want to bother doing it again is quite beyond me!

GLASS TIGER: 'Someday' (Manhattan)
Del-Boy tells me that there's a rampant rock band dying to shatter this particular Glass Tiger. I wish they'd hurry up and do it cos 'Someday' is so utterly devoid of feeling it's heartrending. I guess they like making buckeroos too much!

GREAT WHITE: 'Face The Day' (Capitol)
Well, The Angels were always the greatest, most truly phenomenal boogie band ever to crawl out of a slum, so how could Great White fail? Teeth, sharp and pointy, and ready to tear you limb from limb!

PHIL LYNOTT: 'King's Call' (Phonogram)
Now enough's been written about Phil's private life to make the poor guy turn in his grave, but it can't be denied that he knew how to tear at your very gut, no matter what style of music he was peddling. 'King's Call' is mellow yellow, apparently augmented by Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits pluckery. What with 'Yellow Pearl' and 'Dear Miss Lonely Hearts' live, here's a fine tribute to a man who was essentially a major rock talent!

THE MISSION: 'Wasteland' (Phonogram 12")
To my warped mind it's bands like The Mission who are producing the most relevant rock of the Eighties, and this extended mix of 'Wasteland' is what it's all about. Spacey, haunting, the stuff that my particular dreams are made of. Live versions of 'Shelter From The Storm' and 'Dancing Barefoot' go to make this here disc the most essential purchase of the batch!

SAXON: 'Northern Lady' (EMI)
They sound tired, tired. Saxon haven't really set the rock world on fire in many a moon and this oh so typical rock ballad won't cause the slightest stir. Elton John tickles the ivories but why he has to sink so low is anybody's guess! C'mon lads, you can do much, much better!

FM: 'Frozen Heart' (Portrait)
And here's FM, having a go at cracking the UK market for the umpteenth time with a re-mixed version of 'Frozen Heart'. Seems like I've been saying the same thing for aeons: Steve Overland has a great voice and the band are lovely geezers but it's all a bit too fey for me! And no, not even live versions of 'Addicted To Love' and 'Hot Legs' will make me change my mind!

ERIC CLAPTON: 'Behind The Mask' (Duck)
Produced by Phil Collins (what *doesn't* the man do?) who also plays on the record. It's a very 'clever clever' kinda toon, almost Go West-ish, but it doesn't grab me as anything more than a bunch of brilliant musicians searching for a song.

THE GEORGIA SATELLITES: 'Keep Your Hands To Yourself' (Elektra)
Pass me that Bourbon, toke on the smoke and get down to some severe kick-ass with The Georgia Satellites. 'KYHTY' ain't Metal in a million years, just true, honed, spit 'n' sawdust R 'n' B that melts speakers. Unequivocally love it!

TERRAPLANE: 'If That's What It Takes' (Epic)
Terraplane, to their eternal credit, take chances. Here the boys bring in Helen Terry and Ruby Turner to add a touch of soulful sparkle to their single. It works – to a degree. The modern sounds are pleasing to the ear but once again I find the band's material lacking.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP: 'Pink Houses' (Phonogram)
Strange one this! All proceeds are to go to Amnesty International as JCM joins with the Godawful Howard Jones to produce a single disc. Jones contributes 'No One Is To Blame' and Cougar gives up 'Pink Houses' from his 'Uh Huh' album, as well as a previously unreleased acoustic version. Interesting, but hardly essential for a diehard Cougar fan like myself.

PHIL LYNOTT (pictured here on the 'King's Call' video shoot with Mark Knopfler): 'a fine tribute to a man who was essentially a major rock talent'

Demon

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CRIMSON GLORY

Their immense 'Reign In Blood' LP is *still* awaiting an official UK release. Their drummer DAVE LOMBARDO is now their ex-drummer. They're still feeling the repercussions of their decision to pull out of Aardshok, causing the festival's cancellation. And now blinkered bozos are claiming that they're Nazi sympathisers. 'They' are, of course, SLAYER – a band that's misunderstood, persecuted and despised by rock's establishment. But, as MALCOLM DOME reveals, they really wouldn't have it *any* other way . . .

"Slayer? Our whole lifestyle is just one big joke!" – **Dave Lombardo, ex-Slayer drummer.**

"Geffen Records regards Slayer as perpetrators of art. *And we don't believe that art should be subject to censorship."* – **John David Kalodner, Geffen Records A&R supremo.**

"The most incomprehensible thing about the universe is that it's comprehensible." – **Albert Einstein.**

JOHNNY B. GOODE will celebrate his 32nd birthday some time this year. But how times have changed for the original ragged knee rebel of rock 'n' roll. Today, he has swapped his jean-clad mentality for a pinstripe respectability and

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Pic Ray Palmer

***SLAYER GUITARISTS** Jeff Hannemann (left) and Kerry King: "Back in the early days of the band we didn't have any sort of professional attitude"*

TOM ARAYA: *"We want to be accepted as Slayer, not as Heavy Metal, not as Thrash, but simply as ourselves"*

SLAYER WITH *former drummer Dave Lombardo (second left): hot favourite to fill the vacant drum stool is Whiplash skinsman TJ Scaglione*

Pix Ray Palmer

CRIMSON

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the gu-gu-gutter boogie attitude for a stockbroker's coffee table. Johnny has looked in the mirror and decided to switch off the colour and get a middle-aged greying spread.

All of which means that today's youth have to look beyond the surface texture for their blood lines. And they've not been slow to develop a fresh outlook, pinning new heroes over jagged wallpaper patterns.

In Heavy Metal terms, this has meant the advent of Thrash . . . and not before time.

Look, however you play the game, the dice have traditionally always fallen in the same sequence. A wave of hot young bands flows along, capturing the imagination of a generation seeking its own identity through the discovery of new musical idols; this flow seaps back to a trickle once the initial euphoria has died away, leaving just a few droplets of survivors ready and able to make their indelible mark. Eventually, after a brief lull, a whole plethora of fresh bands once again emerges, building on what has gone before, yet adding their own personalised, undeniable scratch to the blueprint, resurrecting interest in the genre for the next generation down the line.

Whether the demands of the fans led to the invention of the musical form, or vice versa (or perhaps a combination of both), it doesn't matter any more. What does count is this: Thrash Metal is *the* Metallic infestation for the late Eighties, vibrant, active and straining to launch itself onto an unsuspecting world-at-large.

And 1987 is the year when the genre will emerge as a true force, when Johnny B. Goode's great, great grandchildren return to their roots and shift along the gutter where it all started.

Slayer are one of the few present passholders in this quest to tap the original energy source of rock music. Their youthful zest, manic spontaneity, sheer monkey wrench intensity and musical technique does hark back to golden showers from the past (Berry, Little Richard, the Stones, Zeppelin, Sabbath, Sex Pistols, Maiden, etc.), but they've added their own magical thrill formula to the established vogues of yesterday.

Tradition cremated with an individual ferocity – perfect for today's hi-speed generation.

Tom Araya (bass/lead vocals), Kerry King/Jeff Hannemann (guitars) and Dave Lombardo (drums) have spent the past few years finding their feet and discovering a niche; not even the recent loss of Lombardo for reasons we'll come to later can blight their inevitable rise to the top.

I THINK IT'S fair to say that, in the very beginning, no-one at *Kerrang!* (not even Mr. Russell) took Slayer seriously and there have been those who are keen to decry our supposed 'sudden' conversion to their cause.

Well, all credit to anyone who was eager to stick their neck out for Slayer in those formative days because *they* obviously saw something that even the band didn't know existed.

It has to be said that a couple of years ago Slayer were a joke without a punch line. Sure, they were fast, blisteringly fast, but there was little cohesion in the sound or the musicianship and any person who tries to tell you differently is deluding only themselves.

In short, Slayer didn't deserve any praise at all and those anxious to rally to their cause either had a perverse sense of reality or misunderstood what the band were all about, namely a highly charged ridicule.

KERRY KING: "Back in those early days we didn't have *any* sort of professional attitude."

TOM ARAYA: "I think we've adapted and changed since the first album. Now we understand that we have to go out and reach a level beyond what's gone before. We must now show a sense of responsibility."

See what I mean? Slayer themselves hold no delusions about their early work, even if others do. What changed, and actually persuaded me just how special this lot really are, was *their* realisation of the possibilities within their mighty grasp.

It became obvious with the second Slayer album, 'Hell Awaits', on the Metal Blade label, that they were at last coming to terms with the fact that for whatever reasons, there was a chemistry within the line-up that truly did sparkle. This was a fine LP and rightly began to earn respect in *Kerrang!* Mansions.

Those who accused us of bandwagoneering were offbeam; Slayer had proven themselves a good musical outfit and we were simply responding to this change in circumstances, OK? It's our job to judge an act on musical merits and when Slayer displayed such abilities we, as professionals, gave them the credit due.

But now, the band have taken things even further. Last year's quite magnificent 'Reign In Blood' album (out on the Def Jam/Geffen label in the US but still awaiting an official UK release – we'll come to the reason later) saw them take onboard Rick Rubin (of Run-DMC/Beastie Boys fame) as producer, crack the *Billboard* Top 100 and earn accolades from some very surprising quarters.

For not only did this opus gain second slot in the *Kerrang!* kritiks' Album Of The Year poll (issue 136), but even the likes of Bryan Adams (gulp!) have apparently been heaping praise on their Californian shoulders. And rightly so.

I've already screamed enormous praise for this fine record as have many others so there's no point sifting old flour, but let me just say this: Slayer opened a new dimension in the Thrashosphere, displaying not only the characteristic voluble riffing and rhythmic kinetic energy of the past, but a fidelity of sound and subtle musical interactions that prospered under the shrewd guidance of Rubin, who cajoled and pushed the band beyond former boundaries.

'Reign In Blood' may have the basic structure of what has gone before, but it bears about as much resemblance to previous vinyl as 'EastEnders' Nick Berry does to Perry Como.

The lesson is: don't be fooled by superficiality!

AND AS the album continues to sell strongly in America, these Reignmakers have recently been proving just what a blinding sensation they are onstage.

I caught them on the last two gigs of a two-month, virtually sold-out tour across the States, as they played back-to-back shows in New York at The Ritz in front of a combined audience close to 3,500; the 'Sold Out' signs went up on both nights and, believe me, watching and listening to Slayer on those nights was an experience that must rate among the most awesome of last year.

Their sheer brutality, aggression, class (!) and pacing (!!) ensured that the manic crowds were left breathless and screaming for more. Buy a pristine kopy of *Mega Metal Kerrang!* numero five (out at the end of January) if you'd like a more detailed description of Slayer live, but for now, I wanna concentrate on some serious offstage matters.

Firstly, let me introduce you to the band. Bassist/lead vocalist Tom Araya (of Chilean descent) is very much the spokesman in this outfit. He gives the impression of an intelligent maniac, aware of what he wants, keen to meet the demands from the Slayer following yet determinedly anxious that people should be made to realise that Slayer are a musical tour de force deserving of peer respect.

His dual-edged character was summed up as I tried to conduct an early morning interview after the second show at The Ritz.

The floor of his hotel room in central Manhattan was covered in pretzels ("We had something of a pretzel fight last night!"), whilst a tape of Allan Holdworth, an especial favourite of Araya's cultured musical taste, whirred invitingly in the background. A formidable yet personably professional person who knows what he wants and will have these things in his own time.

Guitarist Kerry King keeps a veritable menagerie of snakes (of the killing variety) back home in California and even breeds rats and mice to feed 'em! Yet offstage he's a quiet, intense person, who can often give off the air of suffering from dulled brain cells. He doesn't speak unless he has something to contribute but has a rare passion for guitars (his collection is rather large) and for improving himself.

On the other hand, fellow guitarist Jeff Hannemann is much more of an outgoing chap, ready to rock the house down at the first sign of a party. If you had to be stranded on a desert island with any one person, he wouldn't be a bad choice; the fun quotient would definitely be rather high. And like King he takes his guitarist role *very* much to heart.

At one point during this interview, an argument ensued between the pair as to who was out-of-tune during one critical phase of the previous night's set.

"Hey, it wasn't me who 'woood' last night, but you," Hannemann screamed amusingly at King. Pleasant banter with a serious undertone that showed just how greatly they care about the music.

As for drummer Lombardo (still the finest I've heard in the genre; his technique and ferocity is quite overwhelming), well maybe his seeming indifference to the entire interview situation should have given me a hint that all was not as it should have been. He seemed strained and restive, something that I put down at the time to end-of-tour fatigue.

But other things were brewing, as I only found out after returning to England. Apparently, Lombardo had been decidedly unhappy for some while, threatening to quit the band because he was fed up with playing this sort of music and wanted to spend more time with his wife.

Anyway this, apparently, is what occurred, according to a spokesman for Def Jam Records.

"We had a band meeting after the soundcheck for the second night at The Ritz, where Dave's grievances were aired. We all thought the problems had been cleared up because Dave did give the impression he was happy with the way the meeting had gone, especially as he had more than gotten what he

KONTINUEZ OVER

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

wanted on certain things.

"But within a week of the boys returning home to California, Dave phoned up the other guys and said he'd changed his mind and was definitely leaving the band. Needless to say, the rest of them were furious, but they're determined to get a replacement as quickly as possible and there should be an announcement soon."

Hot favourite to fill the role is Whiplash man TJ Scaglione, whom Slayer have a very high regard for and the man they flew out recently to California for an audition. We'll let you know as soon as possible if he's got the job.

BUT THE Lombardo incident is just the tip of what's been a fraught iceberg for the Slayer flotilla in recent times.

For instance, there was the Aardshok debacle just a few months ago; Slayer pulled out at the last minute from a headlining slot at the festival leaving in their wake a plethora of bitter Europeans threatening all manner of recriminations and claiming that Slayer were trying to hold the Aardshok organisers to ransom by attempting to blackmail out of 'em more money than was actually available.

So are Slayer the cruel, heartless villains of the piece?

Over to Araya for an explanation.

"Look, the original contract with the Aardshok Festival was for us to support Metallica, which meant that all we had to do was turn up on the day with our instruments and no stage show. When Cliff Burton, whom we all knew very well, died so tragically we all felt that it would have been a travesty for us to replace Metallica as bill toppers, as was suggested. We simply didn't have the heart to do it.

"But there was also a practical consideration. Aardshok was offering us no more money to headline proceedings, yet how could we possibly have come over to Holland without a stage show? We'd have done ourselves so much damage and the fans would rightly have said we were cheating them and didn't care about the European market.

"But to bring over to Zwolle our full show, which is the only way we'd have done something as important as Aardshok, would have meant losing an absolute fortune without more financial support from the festival, so reluctantly we had to withdraw. We are all very sorry for the kids who bought tickets to see us, but I hope they can understand our dilemma and solution. We wanna come back to Europe with our proper show in March and I trust the kids won't hold the Aardshok incident against us."

"We've had a lot of flak about the song called 'Angel Of Death' on 'Reign In Blood'. It's about Josef Mengele, the infamous Nazi concentration camp butcher. People are claiming that we obviously must be Nazi sympathisers. This is absolute nonsense!" – TOM ARAYA

The entire debacle over the festival leads me to suggest that Slayer's professionalism fortunately won out against well-meant Dutch naivete. And let there be no doubts: these days Slayer conduct their affairs with the utmost professionalism.

Of course, this welcome change in approach has much to do with the band's current label, Def Jam. But while this alliance has now been seen to work quite brilliantly, wasn't there an initial fear in the Slayer camp that signing to what was essentially a rap label and using a man like Rubin on the production side when he'd made his name with Run-DMC would be detrimental to their cause?

ARAYA: "Yes, I will admit we were very surprised at first that Rick wanted to sign us. But he proved himself such a fan of the band and seemed so keen to motivate everyone around him to get behind us that he overcame our qualms. And he was great to work with in the studio.

"Mind you, we *did* co-produce the album with him which meant there was never a possibility that the record would turn out as unrecognisable from our usual style. Rick just added a new dimension to our approach.

"I've got to say, though, that whilst we're delighted with Def Jam, if Brian Slagel at Metal Blade Records had been more sensible we'd still be with his label. For whilst he did a lot on behalf of the band by putting out our early albums, he gave us minimal recording advances and the contracts were sealed without us even seeing a lawyer.

"Moreover, he fouled things up quite badly by never getting behind us properly. We were the biggest-selling act he had, yet instead of developing our potential he was merely using us to get a big distribution deal for Metal Blade.

"One example of his cheapskate attitude came with 'Hell Awaits'. We asked for that LP to have a gatefold sleeve and his reply was: 'You don't need a gatefold sleeve to sell the record'. I ask you what sort of thing is that to say?!"

'REIGN IN Blood' (without a gatefold sleeve) has not only proven the effectiveness of the Def Jam machine but also caused one of '86's biggest (and most futile) storms. The label's regular distributors, CBS, refused at the last minute to put the record out, leaving Def Jam to negotiate with Geffen for a US release. What on earth happened?

Over to Araya, once more:

"Well, I guess CBS's decision might have been down to a very graphic review of 'Reign In Blood' that appeared in *Spin* magazine just before it came out. It was a very detailed and highly accurate description of the LP and maybe it made CBS aware for the first time just what we were about and presumably they got cold feet.

"It was probably the song 'Angel Of Death' which is about Josef Mengele, the infamous Nazi concentration camp butcher, that created the most controversy. We've had a lot of flak about the number, with people claiming that we obviously must be Nazi sympathisers. This is absolute nonsense!

"Look, if you read the lyrics you'll see that it deals with the subject from a storytelling perspective, there is never any attempt to glorify his atrocities. Slayer are a band who maintain that there is no subject which can't be used to 'inspire' lyrics, but just because we choose to write about something doesn't mean we support its philosophy.

"CBS obviously took the viewpoint that they could be in deep s**t by putting out a record containing one song that deals with Mengele; perhaps it was the fact that they were involved in takeover negotiations at the time, or else maybe they feared a lawsuit, I dunno the real reason they pulled out.

"All I will say is that for a record label who claimed the Fifth Amendment (freedom of speech) when that kid (John McCollum) committed suicide and his parents tried to sue Ozzy Osbourne because they claimed his number 'Suicide Solution' was responsible, for them to then turn round and refuse to release our LP, thereby denying *us* freedom of speech, is hypocritical."

The same song has also caused untold problems in the UK, with Warner Brothers (Geffen's distribution network here) refusing to handle the product. As a result, there is presently a chaotic situation in Britain with Def Jam, Slayer and Geffen all claiming a deal has now been struck with London Records, whilst *they* claim that nothing has been signed.

We shall see how this resolves itself. But perhaps it's worth pointing out that the hysteria surrounding this one song is the symptom of a grossly distorted reality and is in itself rather more frightening and threatening than the contents of the lyrics in question!

Take this amazing example, as described by King:

"There's a record store near where we live which sells loads of Metal imports and basically will stock anything. Anyway, the owner is a Catholic and when he found out what 'Angel Of Death' was all about and saw the 'Reign In Blood' LP sleeve he literally went around his shop taking copies of the record out of kids' hands before they could buy them! It's madness, but this *won't* alter our philosophy."

TO ME anyway, Slayer's sleazy, tacky approach to music is altogether more healthy than the preaching bleat from Stryper and their minnions. Slayer are a nod, wink and smile who encourage kids to enjoy themselves in an ultimately totally harmless manner (a gore movie on vinyl) whilst the self-proclaimed superior Sweet sickeners are trying to alter outlooks and influence minds. I know which I regard as pornography.

Incidentally, there was an attempt to get Slayer and Stryper to co-headline a show at the Felt Forum in New York not so long ago that came very close to fruition, something that would have made for an interesting spectacle (and no, this *isn't* a wind-up).

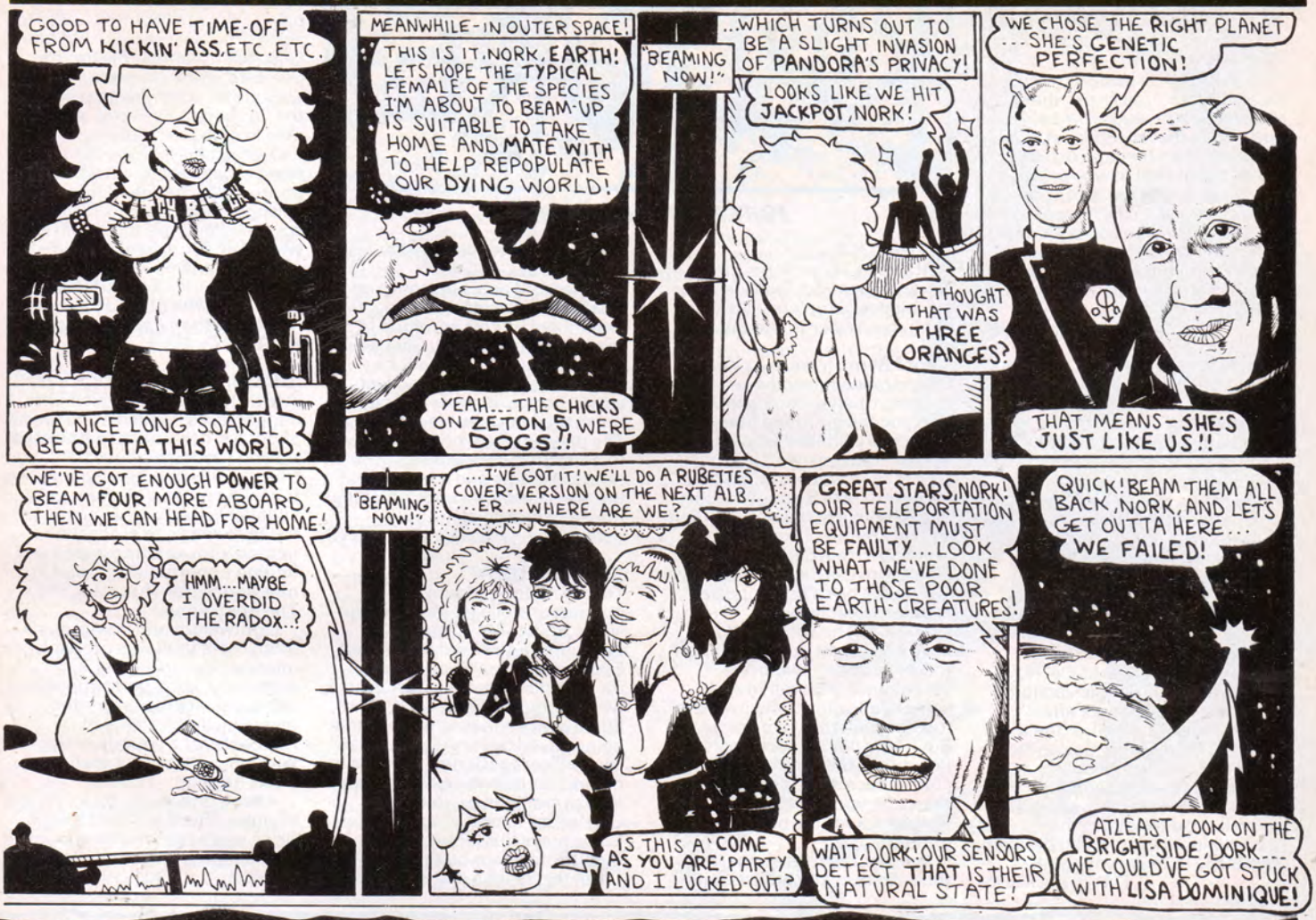
"Our fans would have killed 'em," claimed Lombardo, and he probably had a point. Oh well, perhaps we at *Kerrang!* should sponsor this 'Saints vs Sinners' show, with a little help from Shades. Howzabout it, fellas?

Anyway, from speculation to facts. Slayer will shortly embark on a big US tour supporting WASP, having just failed to garner a similar slot on Alice Cooper's current American trek and they'll follow this (hopefuly) with the promised UK/Europe visit.

After that, it's down to work on the new album, which Araya stated will be "slower but heavier. And, who knows, we might make our fifth album another really fast one! The point is that we want to be accepted as Slayer, not as Heavy Metal, not as Thrash, but simply as ourselves.

"If you wanna call us anything let it be purveyors of a New Age Of Music."

Need I say more?



MEGA METAL KERRANG! 5

MEGADETH KOVER STORY ● ENGLISH DOGS
ROCK CENSORSHIP FEATURE ● POSSESSED
READERS' POLL RESULTS ● SLAYER
TOP 20 THRASH ALBUMS OF ALL TIME
PLUS DORO PESCH TOPLESS (Honest!)
AND WIN SCOTT IAN'S BEARD (Seriously!)

OUT JAN 30

FILMZ

'THE WRAITH' (18)
'THE WRAITH' is basically 'High Plains Drifter' (you know, the resurrection revenge rumba) updated to the late Eighties and dumped into a teenage Arizona. And it might well have worked extremely well if the script had been strong, the cast imposing and the direction laced with an atmospheric eeriness. As it is, 'The Wraith' has none of these qualities and is, in consequence, truly abysmal.

MALCOLM DOME

'THE FLY' (18)
DAVID CRONENBERG'S remake of the 1958 low-budget horror flick may well take on the awesome proportions of the Thinking Man's Gore Movie.

Cronenberg hasn't so much *remade* this film as totally stripped the thing down to its essentials (ie. the basic premise of a man turning into a fly) and then reassembled it into something completely new.

The 1958 flick starred Vincent Price in a cameo role in which, by his own admission, he could barely keep a straight face. Now, there are laughs in this version and the on-screen love affair between Jeff Goldblum (the mad scientist) and Geena Davis (the investigative journalist) is brilliantly developed, but the film's greatest asset is its ability to make you believe in the incredible, to disturb you greatly, and lastly to make you think.

DAVE DICKSON

KULTURE!

EDITED BY MALCOLM DOME

'GOTHIC' (18)
WHITE POETS on dope, limping literary types with leech fetishes, gay blades complete with blood – don't remember *this* in English Lit.!

Lord Byron lives in a nifty Gothic mansion by the sea where the poet Shelley comes to visit, bringing his girlfriend Mary (the same Mary Shelley who later writes 'Frankenstein') and her sister Claire who's got the hots for Byron. So's a pudgy leech-doctor who's holed up with them, and this Byron bloke's pretty *obliging* in that department, only his *true* love is Percy Bysshe, who looks here like a fish but *acts* nowhere near as well.

'Gothic'. The subject should have been right up director Ken Russell's street: elaborate, sensational, decorative and completely, gloriously over-the-top, the stuff that he does best. But it falls flatter than Stephen Pearcy's profile without his stuffed secret pocket, deader than a Stryper party, downright *dull* except for the odd accidental guffaw.

Not even the occasional Russellisms – the breasts with eyes for nipples, the mechanical Japanese sex-doll, the exaggerated penis-armour and The Rampaging Monster that the assembled writers summon in a seance – can rescue it. Shelley's meant to be a dope fiend; he forgets the second bit and just acts the dope. Byron's crippled, but not as much as his acting. The only people who know how to perform are the leeches. The sense of magic and mystery that the film starts with ends up going nowhere except up its own behind.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'TRICK OR TREAT'
THIS IS, without doubt, the funniest and silliest Metal movie since 'Spinal Tap'. The plot concerns 16-year-old Metalhead Eddie, who worships a Satanic rocker called Sammie Curr. And when Sammie dies in a hotel fire, Eddie almost goes to pieces, only being saved by local DJ Norman 'Nuke' Taurog (Gene Simmons in hammy form), who gives him the only pressing in existence of Curr's final album. And it's when Eddie plays this LP backwards that the mayhem begins.

Deaths, deaths and immense decay are heaped on to the screen as Curr comes back to life, using Eddie as his bridge back to earth. And not even Rev. Aaron Gilstrom (a cameo role for the cue-card reading Ozzy Osbourne), a campaigner against the 'immorality' of rock, seems able to stop Curr's plans.

Overall, this is a good laugh that perhaps could have been improved by better editing and a stronger musical score. Still, the special effects are top-notch and whilst HM is once more made to seem dumb, this is still worth seeing.

XAVIER RUSSELL

PS. At the time of going to press, no certification had been agreed for 'Trick Or Treat'.

'RUNNING OUT OF LUCK' (18)
A 'ROCK fantasy' in which Mick Jagger takes himself off to Rio to shoot a promo video, gets beaten up and robbed by three transvestites, dumped, penniless, out in the middle of nowhere, and spends the rest of the movie trying to return to civilisation, getting into various scrapes and finding opportunities to slot in nine songs from his solo 'She's The Boss' album.

Lightweight and humorous – often more than was probably intended due to Jagger's extremely 'ham' performance as the desperate rock star – the movie includes plenty of moments for a chuckle, along with a fair amount of gratuitous boob-flashing.

After a tortuously poor first ten minutes, 'Running Out Of Luck' turns into a reasonable enough, if a bit lengthy, 'adventure' musical.

PAUL HENDERSON

ONCHAW YOUR BRAWN

KISS: were they a better band when they wore make-up?

VAN HALEN: is Sammy Hagar as good as Dave Lee Roth?

DEEP PURPLE: has their reformation proved worthwhile?

BRITISH ROCK: is it dead?

THRASH METAL: bad news or brilliant?

EUROPE AND BON JOVI: the acceptable face of rock?

These are the questions – and we want YOU to answer 'em! Send us YOUR opinions on these sensitive subjects and we'll print 'em in our upcoming new publication *Kerrang! Kontaktz* – the magazine YOU write! Address your letters to: *Kerrang! Kontaktz*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

"The difference between glamour and pornography is, with glamour you only need a feather, with pornography you use the whole chicken." – ***Dave Lee Roth, '86***

ATOMIC ROOSTERS

RAY ZELL talks Eggy Metal and rock 'n' fowl with (hen) party animals THE BABYSITTERS

THE BABYSITTERS use the whole chicken. They exploit, distort and idolise the poor creature. Neither left or right wing with their sexual politics . . . could the 'Sitters' renowned and symbolic 'Rock En Roll Chicken' be asexual?! Yet we witness it leaping from the sleeve of their current 'Live At The Marquee' EP with supreme arrogance and definite masculine pride. A cock? It seems you don't have to have one to be one!

"A lot of 'Sitters' stuff makes no sense," says guitarist Jimbo, pint in hand. "It just came from what we thought things were. Such as 'kaks' bein' underpants. And I had no idea chickens were female and I just thought 'rock en roll' was spelt like that".

Although in egg-sistence a good few years, Boo, Buttz, Jim an' Stik are, in fact, virgins to the mighty *K!*'s in-depth probing. So, a quick rewind – zzzrpp-klik!

From '83-'85 a spectacularly seedy 'scene' was alive an' kickin' (kluckin', even!) in London, with a motley array of bands rockin' clubs such as Pipeline, Mystery City and Valley Of The Dolls. Call it 'glam', 'trash' or 'only rock 'n' roll', those involved back in those oh-so-wasted years called it a bleedin' good time!

Grace. Style. Class. If you'd use those words to describe a blocked toilet . . . then you'd be egg-scused for usin' the very same to describe the Babysitters. Whereas the other bands either were or at least tried to be pretty, the 'Sitters flaunted beer-guts and poked babies' dummies (also synonymous with 'em) in the faces of their poutin' contemporaries.

With locker room humour (ie. a burp and a fart is funny), an over-sized pair of 'kaks' (underpants – pay attention!) as a back-drop and rubber chickens hangin' ungracefully from guitars, they were . . . different. But more, much, much more important – these birds of a feather could rock! And that's what was bootiful.

Curiously, I remember readin' a live review in praise of the 'Sitters sayin' somethin' like: '*If Mick Jones of the Clash ever had his own way in a band, this is what they'd be like!*' Sheesh! Was he ever off target! Even more curious – it wasn't Howard Johnson!

DECEMBER '86. THE 'Sitters have just played their second night at the Hammersmith Odeon on their tour as support to living fossils, Hawkwind. Thankfully, the frenetic four come complete with more pre-rehearsed one-liners than Dante on his recent 'Tube' interview!

"Hawkwind fans are livin' proof that Vikings f**k sheep" – **Buttz, '86**

The gig was a riot! Poultry in motion! A finger-lickin' good sound, considerin' reports on earlier gigs. An' guest stars too! Kakman, the caped crusader, for one! Wouldn't young Dickson be impressed at this startling combination of rock 'n' comix? How about the roadie in the nappy and the butler and . . . well, picture Halen's 'Panama' video filmed on a cine-camera with a luncheon voucher budget yet with vast enthusiasm. Then toss in an unrelenting barrage of catchy yet powerful 'rock en roll' rhythms. Not to mention a front-man decked out in a bell-bottomed (!) Postman Pat-print trouser suit!?!

The cheeky (sic) climax came when the 'Sitters took a swipe at the stage-front congratulatory bow favoured by the likes of Kiss, Ratt et al, by turning the tables and flashin' their very naked posteriors! Not a pretty sight.

Still, I had to get to the 'bottom' of this! But what do you ask a band so obsessed with things fowl: 'How many chicks did you lay on the tour?!' Let's throw some chicken-s**t at the wall and see what sticks, eh, kids?

BUTTZ: vocalist and would-be all-round media personality . . . well . . . he's 'all-round' and if he could be a media personality he would be! –

"After playin' two nights at Hammersmith more people have seen our arses than have seen us play in the last two years! People say they remember our arses more than the gigs . . . that's fine by us . . . we just turn the other cheek! We get a lot of werewolves at our gigs – what other band gives you a full moon?"

STIK: drummer – the 'Sitters answer to David Bailey (who's she?) and very generous to down-and-outs; he used to know Lemmy when he lived in a squat round the corner from Hammersmith! –

"I've dreamed of playin' Hammersmith since I was 13 an' when I finally make it I 'ave to tape up me battered drum-sticks (potential chicken joke there!) with bleedin' gaffa tape. Not to mention I had to strip the stuff off the tour van . . . now how are we gonna keep the door on?!?"

BOO: bassist, unashamed Wham! lover and ultimate Marc Bolan fanatic . . . avoids trees like the plague! –

"Petrol isn't a problem. After a good meal of eggs 'n' baked beans – the van hovers to the next gig! Gimme a break . . . how'd I get stuck with that quote?!"

JIMBO: guitarist and master of the art of being 'well-ignorant' –

"In Sheffield I'm helpin' this bird at the merchandise stall an' I'm dyin' for a slash. An' she says there's a sink directly through the curtain under the counter. So I relieve myself an' still manage to carry on servin'. Turned out I'd pissed in a box of 'Sitters T-Shirts . . . we sold 'em for a quid more the next night!"

In the *Kerrang!* Year Book Volume Two, they're gonna have to keep a page free for 'Sitters quotes alone! And to think, their proudest boast is their claim to have sold more merchandise in the first five nights than Dumpy did on his whole tour with H'wind the previous year!

Is this a record? No, it's a video. 'The Babysitters Live At The Marquee', complete with accompanyin' 12 inch EP. Inspired rock 'n' roll madness for the discomfort of your own home.

"It's totally live," Jim tells me. "Not one single overdub, it's exactly as it was," "well . . . apart from the bass."

VICTORY (from left): Peter Knorn, Herman Frank, Tommy Newton, Charlie Huhn, Fritz Randow

WINNER TAKES ALL

German/US band VICTORY have yet to make a major impact. But MALCOLM DOME reckons success might just be around the corner

"HEY, GUESS what . . ." Photosnappin' crocodile 'Crazy' George Bodnar is fairly leaping about with the sort of vigour one would only expect to find at the bottom end of a gallopin' bottle of JD. "This town has a *working* clogmaker!"

I'm slinking in one corner of a neatly-trashed bungalow, as part of a muddy motel complex in the well-appointed (ie. *quiet*) town of Luttenburg, North Holland. It's raining outside and I'm pouring in the warmth. Pouring myself, that is, another strong measure of coffee, white with two sugars. It's bitchin' through the windows (and these bitches ain't on *heat*) but Georgie wants to talk about clogs! Yet whilst I keep one eye cocked at the TV, this scrubbed an' stubbled photographer occupies the other with a Derek Griffiths-style description of the ancient art of turning hunks of discarded logs into footwear.

One thing I can say about George is that he'll never make a 'Blue Peter' presenter. For a start he ain't got the legs and secondly . . . hey, talkin' about legs that's the motel manager's wooden one Crazy's just grabbed and why is he maniacially wielding the kitchen knife? Oh no, he thinks he's a clogmaker now! Somebody stop him before he does some serious damage to the poor Dutch chap. Oh, it's too late there go the shavings . . . and then:

"OK, George you win. We'll do a session in the clogmaker's den!" Victory bassist Peter Knorn leaps to the rescue, displacing the skimpily-clad blonde on his lap and relenting to the 'Crazy' request for a snapperoonie session with this local cloggie hoofer. The rest of the band (lead vocalist Charlie Huhn, drummer Fritz Randow and twin guitarists Tommy Newton/Herman Frank) fall slowly into line, discarding bottles 'n' butts in the process; I reluctantly rise from the onscreen incomprehensible Dutch soap opera (the object is: gasp when the natives do, laugh when the natives do, cry when the natives do, but bring your own loo paper) and we all troop into the outdoor storm. Once again, an irritable photographer has gotten his gratuitous way . . .

Looking back a couple of months later on this short hop over to Holland to view Victory at first-hand, it seems a lot easier to write such inexplicable garbage than tell the truth, cos the truth don't sound too rock 'n' roll. After all, aren't touring bands *supposed* to be into mayhem, debauchery and bedevilled by egomania? A band who go out of their way to be helpful, a professional outfit dammit, is as rare as zits on Pamela Stephenson's bum (take my word for it, OK?).

But then Victory are a rare breed indeed, a surprisingly confident, self-contained unit offering not the slightest hint of bitterness or self-pity over their lack of *signed* record deals at the time of writing outside of Germany and Metronome. This, in short, is an excellent, pyromanic act who deliver the goods and are determined to do whatever is necessary, and is in their power, to further their imposing cause.

BUT BEFORE I get carried away with the local colour (or in this case, greyness), let me introduce you to the fivesome who go under the positive monicker of Victory. The band is now a couple of years old, having been formed by a bunch of guys who could claim a heritage going back to Ted Nugent/Trevor 'Yes' Rabin/Gary Moore (Charlie Huhn), Wild Horses (original lead guitarist John Lockton) and Fargo (Knorn, Newton and founding drummer Bernie Van Der Graaf).

Fargo was the German band from whence the Scorpions snatched guitarist Matthias Jabs when Michael Schenker finally painted himself out of the picture and into a corner he's still trying to get away from. Knorn was in the original line-up of that group with Jabs and stayed on through three more changes of personnel that saw the likes of vocalist Pedro Schemm (who has worked with Scorps drummer Herman Rarebell amongst others) come and go. Indeed, it was Schemm's departure that finally led to Fargo metamorphosing into Victory – a change of name, a new lead vocalist and, hopefully, a change in fortune on the international scene.

Initially, the band were managed by David Krebs, the man responsible for the Scorpions in the US, as well as having been associated with a plethora of major acts in the past from Nugent to Aerosmith and AC/DC to Def Leppard. This connection earnt Victory a number of prestige shows in '85 supporting the Scorps whilst promoting their own self-titled debut album, which after many false starts eventually saw the light of day on the Epic label in the US but was studiously ignored over here.

I caught the band back then opening the massive Day On The Green Festival in late August at the Oakland Stadium, playing on a bill also boasting Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Snore, Metallica, Y&T, Ratt and the Scorps. It was a difficult show for them, kicking proceedings into gear with a still sober and lukewarm audience, especially as they were effectively unknowns at the time, but they acquitted themselves rather well. It was a performance that augered well for the future, yet to date the future hasn't received them with open arms.

Shortly after their stint on the US road, the band unceremoniously split with Krebs and are now managed basically by their producer Ric Browde, an American with an earnest belief in this lot and someone with a healthy pedigree taking in Ted Nugent, WASP, Poison and currently new Los Angeles glam hopes Faster Pussycat on the production front. Their deal with Epic fell apart and then the Victorious ones lost both Van Der Graaf and Lockton.

"John has a family and wanted to stay in America with them whilst we're based in Germany. I think he's currently working outside of the music business, although I wouldn't be surprised if he got involved with a local band in the New York area where he lives," explains Knorn about the split with John. "We all wish him well." As for the drumming position, well let's just say that Van Der Graaf probably wasn't quite the cannon that Victory required, OK?

THEIR REPLACEMENTS are certainly no slouches. Taking up the sticks is former Eloy man Fritz 'Tex' Randow, whilst ex-Accept/Sinner guitarist Herman Frank has been slotted into Lockton's position with no loss of technique or substance.

"We were lucky to come across Herman at exactly the time when he was ready to quit Sinner," continues Knorn. "I get the feeling that he was unsettled with Sinner because the band is primarily a vehicle for their bassist Matt Sinner and he didn't have a chance to contribute to the overall project. Things are very different with us because we are a *band* not an ego trip.

"We feel very fortunate to have somebody like Herman with us because he works well with Tommy. Whereas Herman is a classic guitar hero, Tommy has vastly differing, more bluesy roots, therefore they dovetail and complement each other nicely rather than overlapping, which is the case with so many bands these days."

The first fruits from this line-up came via 'Don't Get Mad . . . Get Even', a well-intentioned second album released, as I've already stated, only through Metronome at the present time. It's a realistic project that takes the sound of the 'Victory' debut effort and begins to explore the band's possibilities.

Once again it was produced by Browde at Horus Studios in Hannover, with three cuts ("The Check's In The Mail', 'Not Me' and 'Seven Days Without You Makes One Weak') co-produced by Tommy Hansen (fave rave console conquistador with Noise Records and also acclaimed for his work with Pretty Maids in the past).

There is still an element of derivation about this effort (AC/DC, Aerosmith, Krokus et al spring to mind), but there's more room to breathe this time around, allowing Huhn's cultured yet rasping voice ample opportunity to lay down the law as the guitars pump out the action behind him with the rhythm section keeping tightly to boundary edge.

When this album cooks, it certainly goes way past the simmer stage, but once again as on 'Victory' there is an air of *contrived* sexism about both the cover presentation and the lyric style. If you recall, there was more fuss (deliberately) created Spinal Tap-style about the woman spreadeagled suggestively across the debut LP cover than about the music. Now, whilst I have no objection to this type of sleeve (more of the same, say I), nonetheless I can't help but find its open exploitation for cheap publicity purposes rather lame. The same style has roughly been adopted again and it can only lessen the band's stature.

Fortunately, Knorn seems aware of both this problem and also the fact that whilst Browde is to be commended on his production under difficult circumstances, the boys really do need someone next time.

KONTINUEZ PAGE 35

KLASSIFIEDS

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WINNER

FROM PAGE 33

around with perhaps a little more finesse, flair and psychological brutality to push 'em as far as they can go.

"We are delighted with what Ric has done for us and we certainly intend to retain a considerable involvement with him, but can I just say this: we are aware that things have got to move on and you may see a new producer on the project next time around and also a touch more maturity in our lyrics."

BUT I DON'T wanna be hard on Browde. He has done wonders to keep this band intact through the troubled times and is an integral part of the machine that, hopefully, will take Victory further up the ladder. However, when you hear the material from 'Don't Get Mad . . .' onstage, it does develop a fresh dimension.

Even in the overly cramped conditions that existed in Luttenburg, Victory sparked with an astute fierceness. All the problems of the day's activities (such as the restaurant at the motel serving only coffee with nary a crumb to suck on; the soundcheck having to be curtailed to allow the church next door to hold a service; endless reams of alcohol flowing as the long wait before the band could take to the stage was offset in the bar next door to the venue; the intense cold) disappeared as the band acquitted themselves with aplomb and tightness *when* and *where* it mattered most: LIVE!

Charlie Huhn, so often underrated as a vocalist, displayed a prowess and confidence that comes only from the sort of experience he can wield as his voice gyrated smoothly with the interlocking guitars of Newton (an earthy performer) and Frank (flashier than his compatriot yet no less effective). In the background Knorn dazzled his four strings with considerable strength of purpose, posing and gesticulating in time-honoured fashion and Randow whipped across his kit as if his pants were aflame. It was a most convincing offering that eventually won over the initially morose crowd.

"When we started off, there were loads of people down at the front in Slayer T-shirts who seemed to be expecting some form of Thrash gig," Newton recalls at a quickfire post-gig exchange of pleasantries. "We had to win 'em over, and believe me, it wasn't easy. But by the time we'd finished, Victory did get through to them."

The material drew heavily from the 'Don't Get Mad . . .' set, interspersed with occasional helpings from the 'Victory' debut. Highlights? 'Chicks On Display' (featuring one of my fave lines of all time: *'Her legs went straight up to heaven whilst my mind went right down to hell'*), 'The Check's In The Mail' ("About a certain manager we know. . ." explains Huhn, with a convivial glint of malice in his voice), 'Are You Ready' (a rousing opener) and 'Seven Days Without You Makes One Weak' (one of the more intricate yet still bruising numbers in the set).

By the time Victory had retired to the broom cupboard serving as a dressing room, I was totally on their side. They have a lot yet to prove, but this group have the basic ingredients and instincts to go far.

Already it *seems* as if Polygram Records in the States will soon be signing up the band (no contracts as yet, but things are moving fast on this front) and a remixed version of 'Don't Get Mad . . . Get Even' (engineered by Michael Wagener) should soon be available over there; this will hopefully be followed up by some UK action on the London label. In addition a three-track 12" single, featuring Wagener re-mixes of 'The Check's In the Mail' and 'Are You Ready' plus a new recording of 'I Can't Stop Missing You', originally penned by Browde/Newton for the 'Victory' LP but rejected for the final running order, will shortly be put out by Metronome, to coincide with the band's expected appearance at the Aardshok Festival in Zwolle, Holland on February 8, alongside Metallica, Anthrax, Metal Church and Crimson Glory

And don't rule out the possibility of British shows in the near future. As Huhn put it: "We'll go anywhere where there is a demand for our presence. This short tour of Holland and Germany has taken us to some out-of-the-way places, but it's been worthwhile because we have built up a good following and there is a buzz growing for us."

GIVEN THE right backing, Victory have the foresight, intelligence and talent to motor a long way down the highway, of that I'm certain.

Let me end by saying this: the dressing room walls at the small club in Luttenburg were covered with graffiti from a host of unknowns and vaguely recognisable names, yet Victory declined to add their signature to this vast collection. Call it abject philosophy or else a fortune cookie message but I couldn't help thinking that graffiti itself is so transient and that when Victory do metaphorically carve our their niche it'll be in something rather more substantial.

HIGHWAY TO

Pic Ray Palmer

HOGMANAY

MARILLION are back on the road, playing a low-key selection of Christmas and New Year dates. They should be locked away writing toons for their next album, but year-end gigs from the band are traditional. And you don't mess with tradition, right? MICK WALL travels with the 'Misplaced Childhood' mob from Aylesbury, through Liverpool to Glasgow, gets sneak previews of enticing new material and finds out why FISH (pictured here) put his famed make-up back on for one show – and *hated* it!

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What else would you expect from people like that?

Like I say, we were the wide boys. And girls . . .

Girls? What girls? I can hear you asking yourselves.

You mean, like grou. . . .?

No, f**k off. Of course I don't mean *groupies!* Marillion on-the-road in Britain these days, especially around the magical Crimble Time, is very much a family affair. Everybody's got their wife or girlfriend along for the ride, or at least part of the ride. To the extent that by the time the band reach Glasgow for their Hogmanay show it's hard to find even a member of

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MARILLION *(clockwise from top left)*: **Pete Trewavas, Fish, Mark Kelly, Ian Mosley, Steve Rothery**

Pic Ray Palmer

HOGMANAY

FROM PAGE 37

the crew – let alone the entire band, manager, tour manager and journalist – who hasn't brought along their various spouces for the Big Night Out . . .

I know what you're thinking. *Ah, but it must be an awfully cosey and nice little dressing room Marillion retire to from the stage these days!* I can see the scenario splayed-out in your mind's eye: all the good little wives and girlfriends sitting around in a circle together quietly sewing neat little blue patches on the boys' jeans, darning socks and dreaming of baby Fishes and Steves . . .

Yeah, well you can forget about all *that.*

Liverpool, the second night, from a private box hidden high into the walls of the Royal Court, stage-right: "Have you had any practice at opening champagne bottles?" Fiona Trewavas, wife of you-know-who, leans over and shouts in my ear.

"Uh, well . . . yeah. I've had *some* practice . . ." I mumble.

"Oh, good," she beams. "Well, could you open some of *these* for us, please?" 'These' are half-a-dozen bottles of good fizzy white wine, and 'us' means Fiona, of course, Tammy (Fish's nearest and dearest), Suzie (Kelly), Anne (manager John Arnison's secretary), Wanda (Mosley), Jo (Rothery) and Fiona (soundman Privet Hedge's girlfriend). I pop the first cork and seven female faces smile like thirsty cats. You can almost see their tails wagging. There are obviously no Shrinking Violets amongst this crowd; no lightweights-in-skirts these girls . . .

"Here, open another one. The last one's gone," says Fiona, passing me bottle number two. "And try not to *spill* so much this time," she grins up at me, but I can tell she means it.

I yank out the cork a second time, don't get the diagonal you're supposed to get if you don't want the damn thing to fizz and erupt out of the neck, and whoooossshhh! foam starts flying all over my shoes.

Fiona purses her lips in disapproval and Suzie shakes her head and says, "I thought you said you *knew* how to do that, for God's sake!"

I'm trying, baby, I'm trying . . .

I COULD go on and on about girls all night, of course. It wouldn't be the first time. But that's not really why we're here, is it?

Right. The main point is this: to use up that week that stretches like old and torn pantihose between all the bothersome hooplah of Xmas and the near-hysterical invocation of a Scottish New Year, seven days that usually stumble blind like a cripple from one fat day of fearless feasting and maniacal merry-making to the next until night and day blur and collapse into an incoherent dark sludge of hideous waking dreams; to somehow avoid all that *and* give themselves the golden opportunity of breaking-in some new material live before their fans, Marillion took to the road for the first time in five months. Five months that have been swallowed up with writing and re-writing material for the band's all-important new album, 'Clutching At Straws'.

"I'd really like us to do a cover version of Bowie's 'Five Years' from the 'Ziggy Stardust' album. I mean, that is *so* Marillion, you know, we could *walk* that song and it would be brilliant!" – FISH

Writing, in fact, that is still not finished, though it should have been. And Fish tells me that the band are scheduled to begin recording the album in London the last week in January, but that he feels they're nowhere near finished writing the completed final versions of several key new compositions yet.

"But I can't let that worry me right now," he tells me, in the dressing room of the Friars Club in Aylesbury the second night. "I know it might seem a bit silly going out and playing some gigs while we're in the middle of writing a new album, but it *is* Christmas and this *is* a great chance to play a bit of the new stuff, to see what people think.

"The best thing of all about experimenting with new material live, especially if it's not absolutely 100 per cent finished, is that instead of getting very analytical and critical about your performance, as you invariably do in the studio, live you can inject the new numbers with a much purer feeling, allowing the subconscious to take over and guide you a little bit. It helps you discover so much more about your own songs."

Also, because these five dates are being kept strictly Low Profile – meaning, no press encouraged to review the shows, no big London dates, no real promotion outside of a word-of-mouth clamouring for tickets from the fan club – the band have relaxed into each performance a lot more than is usual: the stageshow, such as it is, is lean and sparse, a handful of long narrow triangles reflecting the lights, occasionally tossing up the mad, crooked silhouette of the jester, but nothing more than that, mere gestures of the jester's leering smile.

And the band seem content to treat these concerts more like club gigs, hustling their way step-by-step through a set of performances that only gather real strength as the days pass and Marillion's confidence starts to soar again.

The first night in Aylesbury Fish even wore the old face-paint!

I REMEMBER sitting with him, chit-chatting back and forth over a drink late one night before Xmas at his big new house in the country. I was opining about the long-ago decision to discard all the grease-paint masks Fish would wear in the days before all the 'Misplaced Childhood' ballyhoo began.

"I was thinking about bringing some of that back, actually," he said. "I was wondering what it might be like to experiment with some of that luminous face make-up I was just starting to muck about with two years ago before I decided to drop the whole thing. Only this time I thought it might be better if perhaps we brought in a professional make-up artist to come out on the road with us and help me put the stuff on every night . . . You know, really go for some strong visual images . . ." He leaned back in his chair and took a long heavy pull on his *Benson.*

Interesting, I thought. I wonder if he means it?

Well . . .

I admit, I wasn't there to see it. But then, he's probably glad I wasn't, judging by the way he told it to me when I did show up the second night. Fish had gone and done it, all right, slap slap smack smack rub rub rub, eyes, cheeks, mouth, ear-to-ear Louis Bunuel . . . And at the end of it all he *hated* it. Says he felt embarrassed!

"I thought about it, and then I did it, sort of on the spur of the moment. But then the moment I walked onstage I knew I'd make a mistake," he frowns. "Talk about taking one step forward and two steps back! I felt such a *fake* getting up there and doing that. It really felt like I was taking a giant step *backwards* . . . ugh!" he rolls his shoulders. "I couldn't f**king get into it *at all!* I'll not be doing that one again in a hurry"

Ah, s**t! I wish I'd been there to see it, though . . .

The first show I did see, the second Aylesbury, was a jaunty enough affair all the same. The crowd, comprised of fully paid-up members of the official Marillion fan club, The Web, were a bit too polite though, for my taste.

Wearing their bracelets of smoke, they stand and applaud everything, of course, but something's missing, some invisible edge this crowd aren't very good at sustaining, some weird drug they forgot to take that could have really lifted this gig into one of those satellite-infested heavens Fish is so fond of singing about.

The band seem to sense a time-lapse in the reaction as well, but plug gamely on, weaving their way through a nicely-crafted set that runs the gamut through a remarkably representative selection of their recorded, and as yet unrecorded, material.

Opening with the marching, trumpeting sound of 'Assassing' blotting out the aural landscape, and then moving into a nicely swaggering 'Freaks', it's plain that the band-machine isn't quite as oiled and shining as we remember it from that last British tour a year ago, but then how could it be? Five months off the road is hard to shake off all in one go. But they give it the big heave-to, nonetheless.

'Fugazi', which follows, is business as usual, and 'He Knows You Know', which follows that, is even better, the first big hit of the night. It's been a long time since I last saw Marillion catwalk their way through that one and I'm impressed with how well everything sounds, Steve's lip-biting guitar flashes working the veins of the song good.

After that there's a small pause and then a lone blue spotlight picks out Fish at the back of the stage, clutching the usual drink in one hand, microphone in the other.

"THIS IS a new number," he says, and immediately 2,000 ears prick up. "As a band we get to travel around a lot and see a lot of things first-hand that we wouldn't normally see . . . Well, we were travelling through Austria earlier this year and we saw some things going down there, in Vienna, that we found profoundly disturbing . . ."

"'GRENDEL'!" shouts a smart-arse to my right.

"'GRENDEEELLL'!!"

I'm about to aim a good hard groin-high kick in smart-arse's general direction but Fish ignores these idiot cries anyway and just carries on regardless through the monologue.

"I don't know if any of you are aware of what's been going down since this guy Kurt Waldheim got voted in as the new Austrian president," he says. "But this guy is a well-known fascist who's got power in that part of the world, and, as a direct result, if you go down to the Jewish Quarter in places like Vienna you can see armed and uniformed police guarding the corners of all the streets, and you can see big red swastikas freshly painted on the walls of buildings . . . And as a result, some of the same terrible things

KONTINUEZ OVER

HOGMANAY

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

that happened in cities like Berlin 50 years ago are now starting to happen again in Vienna . . ."

At last the Aylesbury crowd is momentarily silenced, listening harder now, as Fish reaches the climax of his preamble: "This is a song about what's going on right now in Austria and about that whole disgusting anti-semitic thing. It's also going to be a track on our new studio album . . . and this is called 'White Russians'!"

Soft, scattered applause ripples through the hall, the lights die slowly, and the band sway menacingly through a dark intro crowded by a whirlwind of keyboards and guitar; the rhythm Mosley and Trewavas strike up sounds like a half-dead thing crawling on its belly.

Fish leans into the mike and starts wailing: "*Where do we go from here? / WHERE do we GO from HERE?*" It sounds a bit like the opening stanza to something from 'Fiddler On The Roof' – and I'm not trying to be ha-f**king-ha deliberately funny when I say that, either. It's something to do with the heavy emotionalism involved, it's like an old folk lament, slipping down from the hills after-dark, and it's probably something to do with the way Fish sings the words, making them sway like a drunk in an alley, I can almost catch the accent: "*Oh, VHERE do VEE GO from HEEERRREEEE?!*"

And then *crunch!* That's all forgotten and the band throw their shoulders into some mean staccato passages they must have dragged a river to unearth, and Fish pounds home his words, throwing down his lines, his oaths and his curses, with a sad sweet abandon, the whole number virtually throwing itself at you . . . Like it or not, HERE I F**KING AM! So what you gonna do about *that?*

Naturally, I'm never gonna catch even a tenth of the words, not live, not the first time I hear it. But though the literal meaning escapes me for the moment, the sheer attack of the vocals, the complete menace with which the band manages to invest their performance, says enough, for now, to convince me that what Marillion have here is another monster fashioned in the image of previous Marillion masterpieces like 'Fugazi', like the more intense parts of 'Misplaced Childhood', like when the heart stops beating at the end of 'Forgotton Sons' . . . yeah, like all of that, only maybe even *more* relentless . . .

Further into this brief mini-tour I will watch the band really bring down the old hammer on 'White Russians', the second night in Liverpool particularly, and like all the finest Marillion things, 'White Russians' is going to take you a couple of listens to get the hang of, perhaps, but so what? Me, I like it like that sometimes . . . It's like the harsh taste of bitters on your tongue. After a while you can grow to love it.

"It would be so *easy* for us to go in and do another 'Misplaced Childhood'. String a whole lot of music together and put a dodgy concept on top of it and just go out and *flog it!* But people would be saying, 'Oh yeah, another *concept album*, how *quaint*, bye!' And they would be right" – FISH

After 'White Russians', Fish mumbles, "I think this was a hit," into his mike, and Steven Rothery flips out the opening little riff to 'Kayleigh', and . . . well, the rest you can guess. It's 'Misplaced . . .' up to the end of Side One and 'Heart Of Lothian', everybody still lapping it up, the band included, like the world really was still new . . .

Between that and the sprinting, breathless ascent into the 'Childhood's End?'/'White Feather' finale, the band take time out to snake their way through both 'Script For A Jester's Tear' and 'Cinderella Search'.

AND THEN, suddenly, Fish is rapping some more about the new album, 'Clutching At Straws', and before I can put down my glass and get into what it is he's talking about he's already announcing the title of the next new number, 'In Warm Wet Circles', and Ian Mosley is roughing out a vague and uncertain tempo, Mark Kelly's keyboards hovering like a ghost in the shimmering lights as Rothery's first tentative guitar lines begin to spiral higher and higher, up the walls, reaching for every corner . . . The mood shifts and Fish takes the verses to their first slow crescendo . . . The smell of stale rooms contaminated by cigarette smoke and empty whiskey glasses . . . The band shifting gear again and again, then letting everything sink down into its own celestial funk . . .

Just when you feel the slow, ethereal pulse of the number is about to finally give out, just as the suspension of disbelief might easily be disturbed, the band come pounding in with a guitar riff straight out of The Who's 'Quadrophenia', Fish belting out the words, throwing them like punches, his eyes glittering in the dark, and we're into the last new number of the night, something they tell me later is called 'Incommunicado' . . . And it's a dilly, all right! DILLY DILLY F**KING DILLY DILLY DOO! I ain't joking! It's hot, this one; Marillion putting on the swing and bloody well *rocking out!* Guitars, drums, more guitars . . . Just like The Who, ferchrissakes! BLAM BLAM BLAM!

"That would make a *great* single!" I ear'ole to Pete Trewavas after the gig is over.

"Oh, don't say that to Fish, *please*," he laughs. "You know what he's like, if you tell him that he'll go off and decide there's only going to be one verse to it now and then we'll *never* be able to make it into a single!"

Pete might be right. I better keep my mouth shut.

Whatever, of the three new numbers Marillion chose to unveil on these dates, 'Incommunicado' definitely displays the most immediate upfront charm, but then the whole point of performing a really upfront rocker is that it *will* hit every time – wallop! Like *that!* Pow! One in the eye! And no messin' chief!

The encores begin with a flash and nasty 'Incubus', leading eventually into the extended 'Garden Party'/'Market Square Heroes' medley. At the very end, the band return for one final number, 'Margaret'; natch, a suitably, uh, *seasonal* version thrown in just for kicks, Fish definitely up for taking all the *high roads* he can towards the end, kilt and drinks flying left and right . . .

Aylesbury was all right; a knees-up for the fan club, with all monies from the two gigs pledged to the local Aylesbury Hospice. Cool times, certainly.

Liverpool was better, though. Much better. More energy from the crowd, more dark lighting from the stacks, more of Fiona's champagne, more of everything . . .

IN THE Marillion tour bus, on the dreaded Highway to Hogmanay, on the morning of New Year's Eve, *en route* for their last show at the Barrowlands in Glasgow later that night, I'm talking to Fish again, on and off, about this, that, same old stuff we always prattle on about when the talk turns serious and we start discussing the band.

I ask him about 'White Russians' and what prompted such a straightforward political statement?

"The great thing about writing 'White Russians' was when we began I remember turning around to the rest of the boys in the band and saying, 'Look, this song was originally going to be about terrorism, but how would you feel if I turned it round and actually went for the whole Austrian situation instead?' You know, I asked them if they'd mind if I tried to write about the whole Jewish problem in Europe at the moment.

"Now, a year-and-a-half ago they would have turned around to me and said, 'Well, maybe you should think a bit more about it, see if you can come up with something else first'. You know? Whereas this time, a year-and-a-half and everything else that has gone with it later, they all said, 'Yeah, it's *brilliant!* It'll make people *cry!* And it'll make people *think!*' And they didn't always see things like that. Before, there have been subjects we've been afraid to touch upon, perhaps, but now we just say, 'F**k it, let's go for it anyway!'"

Five months is a long time, by previous Marillion standards, to work continually writing new material for an album. And as everybody keeps telling me, it's not even finished yet. Jokingly, half-jokingly anyway, I tell Fish that if he and the band do start to have real problems coming up with new stuff he could always dip into his past and pull out a couple of cover versions. You know, like . . . ah . . .

"Yeah, that might shock a few people," he smiles. "I remember once I suggested we do a really rocking version of 'Cripple Creek', you know: *'Going Down To Cripple Creek/Going down to see my girl . . .'* A touch of the knee-wobbling Robert Plant's, you know?" he laughs. "I thought it was a *great* idea! I kept saying, 'It'll be a *huge* hit single!' But the rest of the band turned around and laughed at me and told me it would be just like doing 'Margaret'! It'd be a great laugh, though. That's what *I* think anyway.

"Actually, I'm *always* the one who wants to do cover songs. I even got them talking about doing a version of Joe Cocker's version of 'I'll Get By With A Little Help From My Friends'," he chuckles.

"You mean, like the John Belushi version?" I say, referring to an old 'Saturday Night Live' video clip I remember watching onboard the band's tour bus in America earlier on in the year. He starts laughing again.

"Yeah, Ian can do the drums *perfectly*, right, and Mark's got all that whheeeennngggghhhh!! bit on the keyboards together. And I could do the voice *no problem*," he's really getting into the scenario now. "*And* I've got the belly for it!" he sniggers.

"And I've tried talking them into doing a cover of 'Burlesque', you know, the old Family hit! And in the early days I wanted us to do a version of Argent's 'Hold Your Head Up' . . . And then I wanted to do 'The Jean Genie' by Bowie . . ."

MARK KELLY once told me that Fish has *always* fancied covering a Bowie number. Which one would he most like to have a real good crack at, though?

"The one I'd really, really like to do is 'Five Years' from the 'Ziggy Stardust' album," he says, no hesitation at all. "I love that opening verse (singing): *'Pushing through the market square/so many mother's sighing . . .'* I mean, that is *so* Marillion, you know, we could *walk* that song and it would be *brilliant!*"

"So why don't you do it then?" I ask him.

"The rest of them won't do it!" he laughs again. "They just don't want to know . . . *You* ask them why they won't do it! They just *won't*, they won't do *any* cover versions. . ."

The bus roars on, odd bits of snow you can see here and there beyond the darkening bus windows. The sky is getting low.

Considering again just how long it seems to be taking the band to get the new album written, I ask Fish how much he thinks the writing this time around has been affected by the massive commercial success of 'Misplaced Childhood'. Are they consciously looking over their shoulders, aiming perhaps for a fully-fledged and recognisable *follow-up*, and all that that might imply?

"It's obviously been affected a lot, the writing side of things. Because we knew it would be so *easy* for us to go in and do another 'Misplaced Childhood'. You know, Part II – The Sequel and all that s**t. String a whole lot of music together and put a dodgy concept on top of it and just go out and *flog it!* But people would be saying, 'Oh yeah, just like 'Misplaced Childhood', another *concept album*, how *quaint*, bye!' You know? And they would be right.

"What we have to do, what we've been trying to do all these months, just for our pride's sake even, is to put together and write an album that proves 'Misplaced Childhood' *wasn't* the peak of our career. We want to say there are *better things* coming from this band; we're still breaking through, still going to come on strong . . .

"There's a hell of a lot of pesonal pride involved in this next one, a lot at stake in more ways than just the obvious one. We'll have to wait and see . . ."

Ah, yes . . . indeed; and either way, it should be something worth waiting for. I don't think Fish, or the rest of the Marillion boys (and girls), are the kind of people who would want to stay, um, *incommunicado* for very long, do you?

(NB. That horrible pun in the last line comes direct to you from Can't Think Of A Snappy Ending Inc. at no extra charge!)

Clutching at straws indeed . . .

FISH: a kilt hero!

FROSTIES: THEY'RE GRRRREAT!

CELTIC FROST/KREATOR/ CORONER
Zurich, Switzerland

HERE IT IS, Speedsters, Frashers, Moshers and Slammers – *the* ultimate treble bill! Believe you me, I've been waiting a long time to witness this wee spektakle.

So, let's start with Coroner. Now this Celtic Frost-type Death Metal power trio hail from Zürich . . . and the Celtic konnektion doesn't stop there, coz the three members of Coroner – Ron 'Rolls' Royce (vocals and bass), Tommy T. Baron (axe) and Marquis Marky (skins) – also act as da Frost's road crew in their spare time.

In October '85, Coroner went into Magnetix Studios in Switzerland to record their semi-legendary 'Death Cult' demo. This tape really has become a kollektors' item, mainly because Tom G. Warrior of Celtic Frost guests as lead vox man.

And a later selection of Coroner demos were so hot that Noise Records quickly signed 'em up.

But how would Coroner fare on stage? Yes, the first night nerves were evident and the sound mix was all over the shop, but no way were the band gonna be dragged off in koffins.

They started the service with a newie in the form of 'Suicide Command', not surprisingly a fast 'un, and one thing I noticed straight away was how well behaved the Zürich Slam Divers were; mind you, when you've got the 'Tombstone Rats' as yer bodyguards you don't argue, do you?

'The Revenge' followed, another newie, full of intricate lead geetar. At times axepert Tommy T. Baron reminded me of a Frash version of Yngwie J. Malmsteen!

Thankfully, the sound sorted itself out by encore time and what a treat we had in store – Tom G. Warrior emerged from the wings to jam on 'Spectators Of Sin', the song he contributed vocals to on the aforementioned 'Death Cult' demo. Tom, sporting a 'Coroner' T-shirt, received a hero's welcome as he growled the lyrics from a small, tacky piece of paper. I counted four – yes, four! – 'Death Grunts' and three 'Heys'; as Celtic Frost fans know, these are Tom G. trademarks! Keep an eye out for the up-and-coming 'Coroner' debut album which should hopefully hit the streets in mid-'87.

Meanwhile, the oh-so-polite Zürich Moshers were now raising their Flags Of Hate, which could only mean that the kurrent kings of Death Hate Metal, Kreator, were now Slammin' on the sacred boards! You just haven't lived until you've seen Kreator in an onstage situation. The messier the better I say, and they don't come any messier than Kreator.

It takes Daley Thompson-style stamina to Mosh 'n' Slam to Kreator's nine-song repertoire. 'Awakening Of The Gods', culled from the lads' recent 'Flag Of Hate' EP, set the game in motion, and straight away records were broken in the long jump! 'Pleasure To Kill' followed and immediately another record went by the wayside – you guessed it, this time it was the high jump! This wonderful toon does have a strange effect on people.

'Take Their Lives' was next up and new axepert Trize Joerg (formerly in Asgard) really did shine through with some tasty playin'. Unlike Wulf (the band's former axeman) Joerg can keep up with Kreator's unbelievable pace; indeed, the fast 'n' furious 'Tormentor' clocked in at two minutes flat, 49 seconds faster than usual!

How could they follow that? With another newie of course, which came in the form of 'After The Attack'. This noisy racket showed how well Mille Petrozza and Joerg run in lane together with their duelling geetar battles!

Time keeper and occasional frontman Ventor came into his own on my personal fave 'Riot Of Violence' – Total Hate Death – horrid but amazing! You couldn't see Mille's face now, his moppy lengths of greasy brown hair had stuck to it! And bassist Rob nearly lost his 'Gregory Peck' on 'Under The Guillotine' through continual 'eadbanging!

And here we are at encore time with 'Pestilence', but the only disease in evidence was neck ache from the 'banging! Kreator look set to visit the UK in '87, let's hope they do.

Now readers of *Mega Metal* will no doubt have read my recent account of Celtic Frost's triumphant show at The Ritz in the Rotten Apple, but playing your hometown for the first time was always going to be a lot harder. However, the band were determined to make this a homecoming the locals wouldn't forget in a hurry.

The 14-song set was a true spektakle – the likes of 'Usurper', 'Visions Of Mortality' (complete with "Celtic Frost" chants from the audience) and 'Circle Of Tyrants' simply whizzed by. But the fourth song, 'Babylon Fell', from the forthcoming 'Into The Pandemonium' album, will stick in the Russell memory banks for years to come. Everything about the toon was perfect, it simply oozed class and the riffs that spewed from Tom G.'s smouldering axe were the most 'avant garde' I've ever heard; really weird yet richer and heavier than anything he's ever played before.

KREATOR: 'you just haven't lived until you've seen this band in an onstage situation'

TOM G. WARRIOR of Celtic Frost (right) onstage with Coroner: a Death jam (geddit?) on 'Spectators Of Sin'

Pix Peter Cronin

MARTIN ERIC AIN of them Frosties: dare you venture 'Into The Pandemonium'?

If the rest of the new opus is anything like this we're gonna be in for a real scorcher. 'Jewel Throne' came complete with its 'Mega Mix' and Reed St. Mark's spinning sticks routine. His hard hitting puts Tommy Lee to shame, something that was particularly evident on 'E.T. (Eternal Summer)'. Martin Eric Ain (bass) introduced us to another new one, 'Inner Sanctum', which was well heavy. And hot on its heels came 'Nocturnal Fear' (the first time the Frost have played this song since they recorded it for the 'Morbid Tales' EP way back in October '84!).

This was even better than the New York show and the Frosties were obviously enjoying themselves which could explain why they returned for three well-deserved encores: 'Crypts Of Rays', 'Procreation Of The Wicked' and closer 'Morbid Tales' (what else?).

There was only one bit of aggro and that came when a Mosher showed a middle finger to one of the 'Tombstone Rats' – not surprisingly he was swiftly dealt with and chased out of the hall.

XAVIER RUSSELL

ERIC CLAPTON
Royal Albert Hall, London

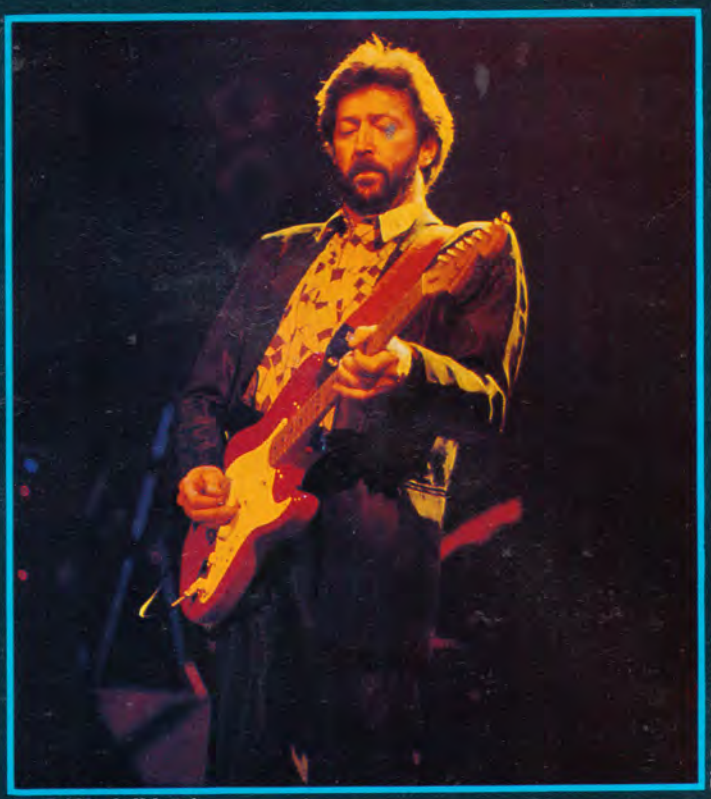
EVER BEEN to a party where everyone sits around in the corners of the room, staring at the floor and waiting for something to happen? It was like that at the Albert Hall tonight when, from the moment Eric Clapton and friends wandered onstage to strum through a thoroughly average version of R. Johnson's 'Crossroads' with soundcheck nonchalance, there was something strangely anticlimactic about the whole thing.

On record recently El Boy has been lively and entertaining, bouncing off the inspiration of his vinyl colleagues with a full, rich and colourful sound which seems to have given his playing a fresh edge. But here on a strangely sparse stage with only four backing musicians (including Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler on rhythm guitar), it all seemed so drab; 'Hung Up On Your Love' lacked its vinyl polish and sparkle, 'Miss You' missed its brass section, 'Tearing Us Apart' was also a bit of a letdown and 'Holy Mother' was no less plain and dreary than the version on his current 'August' album.

Early on, 'I Shot The Sheriff' suggested that the party *was* going to warm up – El Boy still possessing the ability to make the first half-a-dozen rows recoil in a mixture of shock and hero-worship the moment he launches into a solo – but with Jerry Williams' 'I Wanna Make Love To You' and 'Wonderful Tonight' it was 'last dance' time all too early. Not even some inspired outbursts from the mainman during 'Same Old Blues' – which seemed to drag on for at least 45 minutes – could haul the nap-inducing number from the depths of boredom at this point in the set. At times I was amazed by the audience's patience.

In fact, the show was over 90 minutes old before Eric & Co. began to look a little more lively, and the crowd responded by putting aside their bags of crisps and knitting needles to clap along. But then if a closing trio of 'Let It Rain', Cocaine' and 'Layla' can't create an exciting finale, what can?

Dire Straits' 'Money For Nothing' was the first of a couple of obligatory encores, with Clapton clocking up just over two hours onstage. But this sluggish, muddled and seemingly under-rehearsed version merely put the seal on a curiously casual and disconcertingly dull performance which left me wondering just how those who'd paid £12.50 to see the show and got little more than a drawn-out rehearsal were feeling. *My* disappointment was as bitter as the January weather outside. MARK PUTTERFORD



Pic Pete Cronin

EL BOY: dull boy!

HARMONIC 228/STRAIGHT EDGE
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

DON'T ASK ME why, but as 1987 shifts into gear the future for *classy* British hard rock seems to have suddenly and inexplicably become much brighter. And London acts are leading the way forward.

The Myke Gray/DD-led Jagged Edge are almost certain to make an impact later this year, but of equal stature are Harmonic 228, a quite breathtaking new band helmed by the Bodimead duo of guitarist extraordinaire Tony and the finely-tuned former She/Girlschool vocalist Jackie. Together with drummer Graham Goacher, bassist Tim James and keyboardsman Nick Hill they turned this, their debut show, into a celebration of creativity allied to graft.

It's difficult to categorise Harmonic 228. At turns they remind one of Thin Lizzy, Marillion, Saga, Rush, Steeleye Span, the Chieftains and Jeff Beck. Yet the overall effect is so fluent and cohesive that the absence of obviously narrow tramlines is a positive advantage and what It Bites succeeded in doing last year, this fivesome might achieve in '87.

Certainly they've got the musicianship (mature, tight, incisive yet never pretentious) and the songs ('Drowning In Your Sorrows', 'Look Of Life', 'I Can Tell', 'Hideaway', 'Love Given' and 'Survivor' are all both catchy an intricate) to make a surefooted impact with a wide audience. Someone *surely* will sign 'em soon and if Jackie can tidy up her raps (beset with far too much Galschool-style bonhomie for songs that deal with such subjects as a child rejected by its mother – 'I Can Tell' – or the insidious impact of television – 'Takes My Breath Away') then Harmonic 228 will go all the way. I urge you to see 'em as soon as possible.

It's a shame that the paltry crowd at the Standard weren't completely receptive to the staggering fare onstage, but it's their loss. Perhaps they would rather spend time on the frittering nonsense projected by Straight Edge, another London quintet who have little musical depth (bludgeon without a punch) and the aspirations of a rough-edged, short-sighted bunch of pub riffmongers.
MALCOLM DOME

CINDERELLA
Cow Palace, San Francisco

THE WORLD of pout 'n' shout grows ever-bigger, ever-stronger. Behind Mötley Crüe there's a huge great glob of gooey bands all attempting to take the sleazy way out, and Cinderella – young upstarts from Philadelphia – are currently amongst the most successful.

However, they've got some problems before they even start. Firstly, with the Big Bon Jovi having smashed home, they will always be the band who Jon plucked from the bar, the band who Jon made big. Secondly, there's the question of attitude: when faced with quick, overwhelming success the human being can go somewhat haywire . . . and so it seems with Cinderella, sharing the Diamond Dave (Lee Roth) US tour.

Oops, another problem. Who the hell can seriously compete with the best live band around, even if their debut album *has* gone platinum? I'll tell you who . . . no-one, not one damn soul. Problem is, Cinderella actually seem to think they have the headliner beaten. Mistake.

There is nothing drastically bad about the band, but then they sure as hell ain't anything too impressive either. Let's examine the facts. They look like Grade A professional tarts – a plus factor, I presume. They dress like a Jasper Conran fashion parade – another plus perhaps. They apply their foundation very nicely, whizzer I'm sure. And they sure as hell can pout good, yippee! This ain't no cheap s**t here Jack, this is the real thing, geddit?

Indeed, such is the impact they've made during their short career at the top that girls can be seen baring breasts and screaming loudly during 'Nobody's Fool'. That's irony for you. The girls may scream out the song title, but it's patently clear to me that this is a case of sheep following more sheep, a case of severe *deja-vu*.

Cinderella may have it all at the moment, but I recommend they start listening to some of the home truths currently circulating around them – unless they wanna turn back into bar pumpkins. They need to cut out the ego-trips, develop their obvious stage presence and write stronger, more individual material. Too tall an order? We shall see. STEFFAN CHIRAZI

TORME /THE QUEERBOYS
Electric Ballroom, London

AN ENTICING bill, to be sure. The Queerboys (*né* The Pretty Girls), decidedly young in tooth and claw but startlingly precocious when it comes to dealing out prime time raunch 'n' roll. And Tormé, no strangers to the electric circus; a band who can be relied upon to deliver a lethal dose of madcap mayhem anytime, anyplace . . . *usually*.

Enticing. But not enticing enough. On this particular evening the dank, dark depths of the Electric Ballroom were far from full. The colourful crowd of Tormé followers that usually packs out venues such as The Marquee and the Clarendon was conspicuous by its absence, though those who *did* turn up greeted The Queerboys like old friends, which indeed they must be, having supported Tormé throughout their mini UK tour.

I'm beginning to like the Queerboys very much indeed. True, their material tends to sound a little samey, but when a band hits a groove THIS good it would be churlish to complain. Continuous gigging has worked wonders on the overall quality of their performance, with all four band members making an effort to involve the crowd.

'Sex Party' is undoubtedly the finest song in The Queerboys' repertoire – a platinum-coated show-stopper revolving around a lowdown 'n' dirty riff with a street-urchin chorus that Mötley Crüe would give their eye teeth for. Britain's answer to Aerosmith? Give 'em time and it might not sound so ridiculous.

Tormé certainly had their work cut out to compete with The Queerboys, and it has to be said that comparisons were not entirely favourable. Phil Lewis continues to do an excellent job as frontman and court jester, so much so that one shudders to think what would happen to the band if he ever decided to leave, with new songs such as 'Sex Action' and 'Crimes Of Passion' relying on his inimitable delivery for their success. I suspect this could be the main reason for the group abandoning the 'Tormé' monicker and readopting the 'Electric Gypsies' one instead.

Whatever, Bernie Tormé seems content to do what he does best, leaving Lewis to amuse the crowd. Sadly, there was no wild and wangy axe showcase from the quiet Irishman, but enough rampant soloing was squeezed into the likes of 'Hardcore', 'Star' and 'New Orleans' to amply compensate for this omission.

With the band onstage for less than an hour it was hardly the most impressive Tormé performance I've seen. Let's hope that the change of name signals an improvement 'cause it's beginning to look like make or break time. MAURA SUTTON

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

Outlaw and Phil McIntyre present

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plus

BAD COMPANY

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N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM
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Show starts 7.30 – tkts £8.50/£7.50

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EXTRA DATE!
N.E.C 8th March 1987

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

WRATHCHILD
Greyhound, London

1986 WAS not a good year for Wrathchild. Live appearances were kept to a miminum, whilst their much vaunted new album failed to materialise. Yeah, I bet Wrathchild were glad to see the back of 1986.

Determined to end the year with a bang, however, they once again commandeered the Fulham Greyhound for their traditional Christmas extravaganza. The venue may have been less packed than usual for a Wrathchild gig, but the die-hard fanatics in attendance made sure that the Glam Godz received a rapturous welcome when they finally took to the stage. And what an entrance it was! As smoke from the opening flurry of miniature atom bombs wafted over the audience, the new Wrathchild look was revealed in all its glory.

Fronmtman Rocky Shades, sporting a fetching jet black coiffure, has now ditched the leather 'n' chains in favour of a Union Jack T-Shirt, cut to show a tantalising glimpse of midriff, while messrs Angel, Starr and Rocket also favour similarly brief attire. A vast improvement on previous Wrath-clothing, allowing the boyzz greater freedom to move about the stage.

Leaving aside these important visual alterations, this was a typically wild 'n' wacky Wrathchild performance. Old songs? Well, we had 'Trash Queen' and 'Alright With The Boyzz', both featuring frenzied bouts of audience participation, prompted by rigorous bullying from ringmaster Rocky. To the dismay of certain sections of the crowd (ie. me!), 'Cock Rock Shock' and 'Stakk Attakk' were foolishly omitted from the set, but at least we still had Rocky's bazooka, albeit a mite ineffectual without the crude 'n' lewd backing vocals.

To complement the new image there was a heartening selection of new songs. 'Rebels' and 'She's No Angel' (dedicated to Rocky's mum!) slotted easily into the cast-iron Wrathchild mould, a pair of simple stompers in the grand glam tradition. And 'Hoodlums' was something else again. More dramatic, more dangerous than the Wrathchild of old, it showcased some exciting vocal interplay between Rocky, bassist Marc Angel and guitarist Lance Rocket. Surprisingly (to some), Rocket's soloing was the single most impressive aspect of the whole show. Serious guitar hero anyone?!

However, there's no danger of Wrathchild losing their ridiculous sense of fun while Rocky continues to rap like a spandex-clad Bernard Manning, though there must be a very real danger of Wrathchild slipping into oblivion if they have to suffer another year like 1986. I, for one, think that would be a tragedy. The new material (and I'm not talking about the clothes now) is good enough to beat the best, whilst their live shows are peerless.

Move over Poison and tell Cinderella the news.

MAURA SUTTON

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LIFE AFTER
Chichester Rock Society

WHEN A band with a pedigree stretching back through Radium, Hell, Race Against Time and Paralex (stop sniggering at the back!) puts in an appearance then they simply cannot go unheralded by *Kerrang!*. But before all you NWOBHM buffs start drowning yourselves in a sea of saliva, I'd better point out that Life After have, musically speaking, absolutely zilch in common with the aforementioned acts. Nah, this mob's aspirations are more in tune with, say, It Bites or FM – albeit a shade meatier.

'Trudy' was probably the one to give Derek Oliver wet dreams. Commercial as hell and beautifully played, it milked every drop of commercial potential via spot-on four-part vocal harmonies and a keyboard refrain not entirely dissimilar to Van Halen's 'Jump'. And 'Gimme All Your Loving Tonight' was another goodie: horribly crass it may sound, but its intelligent crossbreeding of Foreigner (verses) and FM (chorus) worked well enough for me.

It wasn't all good, though. An erratic sound meant that many songs lacked impact and the band's dress sense left much to be desired. In a world where it pays to be prettier than Joey Tempest (Europe) and Jo(a)n Bon Jovi rolled into one, Life After are sadly lacking, coming over as a bunch of Airrace left-overs.

Still *Sounds*' Paul Elliott likes 'em and that's good enough in my book.

PAUL MILLER

For FREE inclusion in our new, improved Tour Newz page, write to: Malcolm Dome, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

TOUR NEWZ

Deadline for the next issue of Kerrang! (ie. gigs taking place after February 4) is Thursday January 22. Wherever possible, please include a black and white photo with the gig info.

DRN, formerly known as **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**, will be appearing at Swansea University January 23, Bath University 26 Bingley Arts Centre 29, Birkenhead Hard Rock Cavern 30, Warrington Lion Hotel 31.

ETA, a trio from Wales, play Nottingham Mardi Gras on January 22. The band's line-up is **Dave Jenkins** (drums), **Malcolm Then** (guitar) and **Don Wilson** (bass/vocals).

HAMMERFIST play Birmingham Railways January 24, Liverpool Neptune Theatre 31.

INSTIGATORS, from West Yorkshire, play dates at Manchester Boardwalk January 22, Birmingham Mermaid 23.

***GIRLSCHOOL** (guitarist/vocalist **Kim McAuliffe** above) will be appearing at Poole Mr C's January 20, Southampton University 21, Portsmouth Polytechnic 22, Aberystwyth University 23, Bangor University 24, Huddersfield Polytechnic 26, Leeds University 27, Telford Barons Club 28, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne 29, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 30, Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel 31.*

BORDELLO, from Kent, play Shepherds Bush The Wellington on January 28.

SABBAT, a foursome from Derbyshire, play Nottingham Mardi Gras on January 29. The band's line-up is **Martin Malkyier** (lead vocals), **Andy Sneap** (guitar), **Frazer Craske** (bass) and **Simon Negus** (drums).

MOURNBLADE play Shepherds Bush The Wellington January 22, Gloucester College Of Agriculture 29, Hereford Market Tavern 30, London Alice In Wonderland February 2, Walthamstow Royal Standard 6.

***BRIAR** (above) have confirmed the following dates: Birmingham Mermaid January 24, Birmingham The Railway 25, Canterbury Christchurch College Students' Union February 20.*

***BAD COMPANY** (above) will be supporting **Deep Purple** on the latter's forthcoming English tour, dates for which are: Wembley Arena March 3/4, Birmingham NEC 7/8.*

STRAIGHT EDGE, a fivesome based in the East End of London, play Shepherds Bush The Wellington on January 21.

XCESS will be appearing at Shepherds Bush The Wellington January 22, Old Windsor The Wheatsheaf 23, High Wycombe Nags Head February 5.

BABY TUCKOO and **CHROME MOLLY** play Birkenhead Hard Rock Cavern on January 23.

FEAR OF DARKNESS play Hereford Market Tavern January 23, Bristol Fleece & Firkin February 5, Bristol Bridge Inn 19.

ROBERT FRIPP will be playing a series of seven dates with a group called **The League Of Crafty Guitarists** consisting of 16 acoustic guitarists! The full schedule is: Ambleside Zefferellis Cinema/Restaurant January 27, Leeds The Irish Centre 28, Brighton Gardner Centre 30/31, Southampton Nuffield Theatre February 1, Barnstaple Queens Hall 2, Coventry Warwick University 4.

TOKYO play Morecombe Bierkeller February 2, Bootle Fire Station 3, Royton The Railway 5, Rawtenstall Queens Arms 6, Ellesmere Port Ellesmere Arms 8.

DIAMOND WHITE, a recently formed band from Accrington who have just recruited former **Strawberry Cloud** guitarist **Bryan McGough**, play Rawtenstall Queens Arms February 14.

ARENA play London Marquee Club on February 7. In addition the band will have one song, **'You Call This Love'**, on the forthcoming compilation video **'Power Cuts'**.

CIRCUS play Crewe The Cheshire Cheese January 23, Rippon Brontes Club February 12, West Bromwich Coach & Horses March 13.

PALLOR, a new band from London, play their debut show at Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel on February 6. The group's set presently consists solely of cover versions.

***HEARTLESS** (above), from Hereford, play Cardiff Bogey's on January 24. The quartet also have a five-track cassette EP currently available and details can be obtained by phoning: **0432 268119**.*

EXCALIBUR will be appearing at Hereford Market Tavern February 6, Cardiff Bogey's 7, Llanharan Rugby Football Club 8, Bristol Fleece & Firkin 22, Bootle Fire Station 24, Bournemouth 141 Club 27, Chichester Rock Club 28.

MARINO & THE AFTER-FOREVER BAND and **THE HELLFIRE CLUB** will be undertaking a UK tour in a couple of months. This is expected to feature about 15 dates. The first to be confirmed are: Shepherds Bush The Wellington March 18, Stourbridge Town Hall April 3.

THE QUEERBOYS play London Marquee Club January 24, Croydon Underground 25, Bedford International 30, Wolverhampton Scruples 31, Basingstoke Carribean February 1.

CHASAR will be appearing at Glasgow Shadows January 23, Peebles Cross Keys Hotel February 1, Edsel RAF Club 6.

KOOGA will be appearing at London Marquee Club on January 31.

DAVE EDMUNDS play Kentish Town Town & Country Club on January 24. The singer/guitarist's band for the night features **John David** (bass), **Dave Charles** (drums), **Geraint Watkins** (piano) and **Mickey Gee** (guitar). Tickets are priced at £6 (in advance)/ £6.50 (on the night).

***JEROD** (above), a trio from London, play Shepherds Bush The Wellington on February 4. The band's line-up is **Jerod** (lead vocals/guitar), **Les Sampson** (drums/backing vocals – formerly with **Stray Dog**) and **Dave Norman** (bass/backing vocals).*

BLACKHEART, from Braintree, play Harrow The Apollo January 26, Walthamstow Royal Standard February 2, Fulham Swan 4. The band have just recruited guitarist **Paul Smith**. He joins **Steve Crowther** (vocals), **Kevin Prockter** (guitar), **Bob Duffy** (bass) and **Dave Stanford** (drums).

WHITE SISTER, from Los Angeles, seem likely to support **FM** on the latter's UK tour which starts at Brunel University on January 23.

LINE OF FIRE, a new band from London, play Kentish Town Bull & Gate January 27, Harlesden Mean Fiddler February 4.

***CRIMSON GLORY** (above) have been added to the bill for the **Anthrax/Metal Church** show at Hammersmith Odeon on February 15.*

*This trio of bands will also appear at the Aardshok Festival in Zwolle, Holland on February 8, alongside **Metallica** and **Victory**.*

LOCAL CHART

1 SOMEWHERE IN TIME **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
2 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE **Judas Priest** (CBS)
3 KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
4 SUICIDAL TENDENCIES **Suicidal Tendencies** (Combat)
5 FIGHT TO SURVIVE **White Lion** (Grand Slam)
6 STEELER **Steeler** (SPV)
7 NASTY NASTY **Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
8 DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH **Judas Priest** (CBS)
9 NIGHT SONGS **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
10 VINNIE VINCENT INVASION **Vinnie Vincent** (Chrysalis)
11 FEAR NO EVIL **Grim Reaper** (RCA)
12 I LIKE IT LOUD **Illusion** (Geffen)
13 KILLING IS MY BUSINESS . . . AND BUSINESS IS GOOD **Megadeth** (Music For Nations)
14 THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
15 RAGE FOR ORDER **Queensrÿche** (EMI America)
16 SEVEN CHURCHES **Possessed** (Music For Nations)
17 BLACK METAL **Venom** (Neat)
18 THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
19 MUFFIN MANIA **Tractor Ace Bridge** (demo)
20 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
21 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
22 WANTS YOU **Rough Cutt** (Warner Brothers)
23 STAINED CLASS **Judas Priest** (CBS)
24 RESTLESS & WILD **Accept** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
25 SEVENTH STAR **Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi** (Vertigo)
26 DANGEROUS GAME **Alcatrazz** (Capitol)
27 RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
28 LOVE AT FIRST STING **Scorpions** (Harvest)
29 MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
30 RUSH **Rush** (Vertigo)

Compiled by Radio KDNS, San Francisco.
Anyone wishing to have their local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! Charts, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

KENNY MARY (FIFTH ANGEL/ALICE COOPER)
'FIGHTING TO STAY ALIVE' Chastain (track from the 'Ruler Of The Wasteland' LP on Roadrunner)
'THE NIGHT' Fifth Angel (track from the 'Fifth Angel' LP on Roadrunner)
'TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN' Alice Cooper (track from the 'Constrictor' LP on MCA)
RUDY SCHENKER (SCORPIONS)
'BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE' Steve Winwood (Island)
'THREE HEARTS IN THE HAPPY ENDING MACHINE' Daryl Hall (RCA)
'5150' Van Halen (Warner Brothers)
JOHN WAITE
'BLAH BLAH BLAH' Iggy Pop (A&M)
'THE WHOLE STORY' Kate Bush (EMI)
'SHELTER' Lone Justice (Geffen)

US HM RADIO

1 1 SOMEWHERE IN TIME **Iron Maiden** (Capitol)
2 4 PEACE SELLS . . . BUT WHO'S BUYING? **Megadeth** (Capitol)
3 2 THE DARK **Metal Church** (Elektra)
4 5 TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL **Stryper** (Enigma)
5 9 REIGN IN BLOOD **Slayer** (Def Jam/Geffen)
6 7 VINNIE VINCENT INVASION **Vinnie Vincent** (Chrysalis)
7 3 ORGASMATRON **Motörhead** (Profile)
8 6 INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS **WASP** (Capitol)
9 17 AWAKEN THE GUARDIAN **Fates Warning** (Metal Blade)
10 10 MENACE TO SOCIETY **Lizzy Borden** (Metal Blade)
11 8 NIGHT SONGS **Cinderella** (Mercury)
12 12 GAME OVER **Nuclear Assault** (Combat)
13 14 SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
14 11 DANCING UNDERCOVER **Ratt** (Atlantic)
15 13 TRILOGY **Yngwie J. Malmsteen** (Polydor)
16 re TRUE AS STEEL **Warlock** (Mercury)
17 — THE CURSE **Omen** (Metal Blade)
18 — JUDAS **Helloween** (Noise)
19 19 BEYOND THE GATES **Possessed** (Combat)
20 re PRAISE THE LOUD **CJSS** (Leviathan)

Compiled by Gail Flug, hard rock co-ordinator for the CMJ Music Report, 830 Willis Ave, Albertson, New York 11507, USA.

INDIE METAL

1 4 MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
2 6 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
3 2 TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL **Stryper** (Music For Nations)
4 3 DOOMSDAY FOR THE DECEIVER **Flotsam And Jetsam** (Roadrunner)
5 1 FASHION BY PASSION **White Sister** (FM/Revolver)
6 5 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
7 20 BEYOND THE GATES **Possessed** (Under One Flag)
8 7 SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
9 8 GAME OVER **Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
10 16 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
11 10 FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
12 11 THE MUSIC FOR NATIONS SINGLES ALBUM **Various** (Music For Nations)
13 15 MENACE TO SOCIETY **Lizzy Borden** (Roadrunner)
14 12 KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
15 14 WHERE LEGEND BEGAN **English Dogs** (Under One Flag)
16 17 FIFTH ANGEL **Fifth Angel** (Roadrunner)
17 9 EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK **Venom** (Neat)
18 re SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND **Stryper** (Music For Nations)
19 18 CRIMSON GLORY **Crimson Glory** (Roadrunner)
20 13 WHEN THE MIRROR CRACKS **Q5** (Music For Nations)

IMPORTS

1 POSSESSED BY FIRE **Exumer** (Disaster)
2 SWEET SAVAGE **Sweet Savage** (Savage Tunes)
3 WHITE TIGER **White Tiger** (EMC)
4 LAND OF THE DAMNED **Diamond Rexx** (Island)
5 REIGN IN BLOOD **Slayer** (Def Jam/Geffen)
6 THE LADDER **The Ladder** (Atco)
7 WRECKING BAWL **Revenge** (Shrapnel)
8 TORTURE KNOWS NO BOUNDARY **Heretic** (Metal Blade)
9 KINGDOM COME **Warlord** (Restless/Metal Blade)
10 YOUNG WILD AND FREE **Brighton Rock** (WEA)

DIAL A DECIBEL!

KERRANG! LIVEWIRE

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Make a note of this phone number, exercise that dialling finger and beware – we're gonna get phone lines nationwide red hot and burnin'!

SINGLES

1	1	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN **Europe** (Epic)
2	2	LIVIN' ON A PRAYER **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
3	—	OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
4	5	DREAMIN' **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
5	4	LAND OF CONFUSION **Genesis** (Virgin)
6	12	SIX TRACK EP **Warlock** (Vertigo)
7	7	HOLD THE HEART **Big Country** (Mercury)
8	8	YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
9	6	STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
10	3	WAR **Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band** (CBS)
11	18	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
12	15	MADHOUSE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
13	9	IN THE ARMY NOW **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
14	25	95-NASTY **WASP** (Capitol)
15	10	HE'S BACK (THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK) **Alice Cooper** (MCA)
16	20	JUMP IN THE FIRE **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
17	14	EMOTION IN MOTION **Ric Ocasek** (Geffen)
18	23	BLACK & BLUE **Waysted** (Parlophone)
19	11	THIS LOVE **Bad Company** (Atlantic)
20	13	GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
21	17	TO BE A LOVER **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
22	19	SHORT CUT TO SOMEWHERE **Fish/Tony Banks** (Virgin)
23	21	AMANDA **Boston** (MCA)
24	22	WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER **Queen** (EMI)
25	24	HE SAID LOVE **Barclay James Harvest** (Polydor)
26	—	GIRLS CAN'T HELP IT **Journey** (CBS)
27	re	SHE DON'T KNOW ME **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
28	26	ROCK THE NATIONS **Saxon** (EMI)
29	28	SLEDGEHAMMER **Peter Gabriel** (Virgin)
30	27	VELCRO FLY **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)

ALBUMS

1	1	SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
2	3	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN **Europe** (Epic)
3	2	LIVE MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
4	14	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
5	5	SO **Peter Gabriel** (Virgin)
6	8	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
7	36	PEACE SELLS . . . BUT WHO'S BUYING? **Megadeth** (Capitol)
8	11	7800° FAHRENHEIT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
9	4	IN THE ARMY NOW **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
10	26	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
11	7	SOMEWHERE IN TIME **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
12	12	CONSTRICTOR **Alice Cooper** (MCA)
13	19	INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS **WASP** (Capitol)
14	6	LIVE 1975-1985 **Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band** (CBS)
15	20	INDISCREET **FM** (Portrait)
16	15	A KIND OF MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
17	38	NIGHT SONGS **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
18	21	EAT 'EM AND SMILE **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
19	28	DANCING UNDERCOVER **Ratt** (Atlantic)
20	24	TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL **Stryper** (Music For Nations)
21	37	LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
22	23	TRILOGY **Yngwie J. Malmsteen** (Polydor)
23	9	INVISIBLE TOUCH **Genesis** (Virgin)
24	44	THE DARK **Metal Church** (Elektra)
25	22	VIGILANTE **Magnum** (Polydor)
26	18	FASHION BY PASSION **White Sister** (FM/Revolver)
27	29	DOOMSDAY FOR THE DECEIVER **Flotsam And Jetsam** (Roadrunner)
28	13	WHIPLASH SMILE **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
29	30	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
30	16	GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
31	43	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
32	re	5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
33	35	AFTERBURNER **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
34	10	LIVE CHRONICLES **Hawkwind** (GWR Records)
35	—	WHEN SECONDS COUNT **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
36	31	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
37	32	GAME OVER **Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
38	34	SAVE YOUR PRAYERS **Waysted** (Parlophone)
39	re	BEYOND THE GATES **Possessed** (Under One Flag)
40	re	VINNIE VINCENT INVASION **Vinnie Vincent** (Chrysalis)
41	17	THIRD STAGE **Boston** (MCA)
42	25	THE SEER **Big Country** (Vertigo)
43	39	THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUPERTRAMP **Supertramp** (A&M)
44	41	POWER **Kansas** (MCA)
45	40	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
46	33	EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK **Venom** (Neat)
47	re	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
48	47	TRUE AS STEEL **Warlock** (Vertigo)
49	49	FAME AND FORTUNE **Bad Company** (Atlantic)
50	46	NASTY NASTY **Black N' Blue** (Geffen)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'I'M GOING TO ADDINGTON' DOME
'LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE' Ludichrist (track from the 'Immaculate Deception' LP on Combat Core import)
'LIVE ?!*@ LIKE A SUICIDE' Guns N' Roses (Uzi Suicide EP import)
'THE TOUCH' Stan Bush (Epic 45)

XAVIER 'ADDINGTON SOCIAL REGISTRAR' RUSSELL
'HETEROSEXUALS HAVE THE RIGHT TO ROCK' The Mentors (track from the 'Up The Dose' LP on Roadrunner)
'POSSESSED BY FIRE' Exhumer (Disaster import)
'LIVE ?!*@ LIKE A SUICIDE' Guns N' Roses (Uzi Suicide EP import)

GEOFF 'SCOURGE OF ADDINGTON' BARTON
'A CAUTIONARY TALE' Sabbat (demo)
'GUTRIPPER' Mace (track from forthcoming 'The Evil in Good' LP)
'LIVE ?!*@ LIKE A SUICIDE' Guns N' Roses (Uzi Suicide EP import)

DANTE 'WHERE *IS* ADDINGTON?' BONUTTO
'WHITE TIGER' White Tiger (EMC import)
'MECHANICAL RESONANCE' Tesla (Geffen)
'POWER' Kansas (MCA)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

MÖTLEY CRÜE ● TESLA
ANTHRAX ● LEE AARON

KERRANG!

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LADY Killers

Betsy

NOW HERE'S someone with a whiplash smile, eh? Remember **Betsy**, lead vocalist with Los Angeles band **Bitch**? We sure as hell do!

All those wild an' crazee nites in the *Kerrang!* office contemplating this bullwhip impressario near as damn it turned us blind. But it's been a long time since this Californian lovely last graced (or disgraced?) our pages and rumour has it that Betsy has now ditched the whip in favour of a more sultry and ladylike image.

Well, *we* bleedin' 'ope this isn't the case, otherwise where else do we send **Xavier Russell** for some corrective measures when he gets a tad too wild, eh?

Seriously though, Betsy and her boyz intend to ride back into action soon with a new album and we'll be keeping ya posted on developments as and when they occur, OK?

MALCOLM DOME